The Nation.

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The Week.

The passage of the Army Bill by the Senate on Friday probably insures its signature within a few days, and gives the War Department the forces it has asked for, more than a week after the date set by Secretary Root as the last one after which its provisions could be carried out before June 30. It is admitted that the volunteers cannot be brought home in time to be mustered out before July 1, and that several regiments will have to be disbanded in Manila if the existing army law is to be complied with. As a matter of fact, the War Department is face to face with the most difficult administrative problem since the organization of the volunteer armies in 1898, and the limited time for its solution only complicates matters. Only one of the twenty-six regiments to be brought back from the Philippines has thus far sailed from Manila, and the second is not to leave before January 25. After 9,000 men have been sent home, there are to be no further embarkations at Manila until the arrival of the first of the new regiments from home, which cannot be before April 1. We have already pointed out the fact that these new regiments of regulars will not be troops in the real sense, but merely undisciplined mobs of recruits. Under these circumstances, Gen. MacArthur is hardly to be congratulated on the prospects for an efficient garrison during the next year.

It is reassuring to learn from Gen. MacArthur's dispatch of Saturday that there is no excessive drunkenness among his troops, and that they are efficiently carrying out their odious task of imposing a hated government upon an unwilling people. At the same time it would have been an unheard-of thing in military annals had Gen. MacArthur replied to Gen. Corbin's inquiry: "The army which I have the honor to command and for which I am responsible to the President, is wasted by drunkenness and disease, is badly disciplined, and quite inefficient." Without meaning to reflect in any way upon Gen. MacArthur, or to challenge his statement, it is none the less a fact that no officer has yet commanded an army who would be willing to give it a bad reputation in response to an inquiry from the War Department. Gen. MacArthur's reference to the effect of drunkenness in Manila, and to the condition of his army, does not answer Senator Teller's charge that the Americans are "cursing the Filipinos with the curse of intoxication," but rather goes to confirm it, since he points out that a single drunken soldier is very noticeable in Manila, and particularly among civilians. Why? Because until the arrival of the American soldiers drunkenness was absolutely unknown to the natives. As to the houses of prostitution, Gen. MacArthur's reply is a plain quibble. They are not "licensed, protected, or encouraged," he says. But he does not deny that they exist with the knowledge of himself or of his officers, and that they are inspected by his medical officers. He could not deny this, because of the printed testimony in the shape of medical certificates with official signatures, in the possession of the *New Voice* and to be found elsewhere. From a trustworthy American who has seen one of these Government resorts in Sulu, we learn that it was set up by the local commanding officer with such absolute secrecy that almost every officer, except one or two in the department, could swear to total ignorance in the matter. Least of all would Gen. MacArthur know anything about this far-off institution.

The Filipino petition received swift confirmation in the extraordinary letter from Manila which the *Evening Post* printed on January 16. It gave, from a source of unquestionable authenticity and authority, the real army view of the situation in the Philippines. This is, in a word, that the islands are as far as possible from being conquered or submissive; that every Filipino hates the Americans more bitterly than he ever did the Spaniards; that all the people sympathize with the insurrection; that at least 100,000 men will be needed to complete the conquest, which is to be wrought out by making of the archipelago a hell, ruthlessly killing every man, woman, and child who refuses to accept our rule. The very cold-bloodedness with which this atrocious policy was mapped out by the *Evening Post's* correspondent witnesses to the fact that it comes from a man who is in touch with war as a trade. If the army is to do the work, put it in a position to make a complete butchery and call it peace. That is the upshot of the letter. That, we believe, is what the highest military authority in the Philippines is telling the President of the United States. The policy of extermination is clearly upon us.

Senator Spooner made an interesting and important suggestion during the debate on the Army Bill—that the time has not yet arrived for Congress to legislate upon the Philippine question, that he did "not think we shall be ready until we have sent a joint committee of Congress to investigate the situation of the people in the islands," and that he has undertaken to frame a resolution providing for such a committee, which he hopes to see passed before the end of the present session. The chief significance of this is the concession, by one of the most prominent supporters of the Administration, that light is needed upon the problem, and that the Republican party cannot afford to confront the long Congressional recess from March to December without doing something that at least promises to illuminate the situation. This is very different from the old assumption that the state of things in the Philippines was perfectly well understood in Washington, and that all our Government had to do was to put down a little insurrection on the part of a fraction of a single tribe. The idea of sending a Congressional committee of investigation to the Philippines is an excellent one, provided that fair-minded men are sent, and that they go to the bottom of the question. The country never profited much from the trip of Senator Beveridge, and it will do little good to send over politicians who are committed to holding the islands permanently, and who would bring back only such arguments in support of that policy as they could pick up in Manila. What is needed is a thorough inquiry by men like Mr. Spooner, who, it will be remembered, in a speech last May, held out "self-government *or independence*" as the future for the natives, and who has never abandoned the idea that the United States may ultimately withdraw from the islands.

Arkansas imitates Missouri in the passage by the lower house of its Legislature of a resolution expressing sympathy with the Filipinos in "their heroic struggle for freedom." Why not? Americans have always sympathized with people fighting for liberty. Resolutions of the most ardent nature have been passed by our municipal and State bodies, and by the national Congress itself, for the purpose of giving aid and comfort to Greeks and Hungarians, South Americans and Irishmen, Cubans and Boers. Why should we draw the line at Filipinos if their cause is as good? The fact that our Government is the one which is denying them self-government has nothing to do with the principles of the case. Liberty is liberty, and oppression is oppression; we are bound to sympathize with the one and condemn the other, without fear or favor. Of course, in sympathizing with the Filipinos we tacitly express our determination to do all that we can to make our Government alter its policy towards them. Expressing sympathy is one effective way of bringing about such

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an alteration. The fact that State Legislatures are now passing such resolves, and that Senators are using greater and greater plainness of speech at Washington, is a sign of veering public sentiment, and an augury, in so far, of a change of policy by the Administration.

It is undoubtedly a legitimate *tu-quoque* to thrust now in ex-President Harrison's face, as is being done with so much glee, his own treaty of Hawaiian annexation. In that he was clearly proposing to do on a small scale what he now condemns when attempted on a large scale. But we presume that Gen. Harrison will say, as he did to the alarmed beet-sugar grower who wrote that his business would be ruined unless there were a duty on Porto Rican sugar, that all these personal considerations "seem to me to be irrelevant in a Constitutional discussion." If he and Senator Hoar have now seen whereto the Hawaiian beginnings have grown, and have changed their minds on the whole subject of a colonial policy, their credit is the greater for frankly avowing it. At any rate, it is their present arguments, not their past actions, that must now be considered. We feel the freer to say this since our feet were never for a moment taken in the Hawaiian snare. We condemned President Harrison's annexation treaty, as not only concocted with indecent haste, but as in its terms inconsistent with either "democracy, self-government, or home rule."

Ex-President Cleveland has followed ex-President Harrison in addressing a solemn warning to his countrymen against departing from the ancient landmarks of the republic, and especially against indulging in the spirit of conquest and aggression. Nothing could be more impressive than his speech at the dinner of the Holland Society. Some of his words were esteemed by his hearers too pessimistic, and were received with expressions of dissent, although the speech as a whole was vigorously applauded. He said, among other things: "Our country will never be the same again; for weal or woe we have already irrevocably passed beyond the old lines." But he added immediately, "the country will in some sort be saved." The question how it should be saved he did not discuss, except that it must be by means of the conservative spirit which we have inherited from our ancestors on the other side of the water. To these admonitions we give our hearty adhesion, though one might say Mr. Cleveland, when he sent his Venezuela message to Congress, came somewhat short of the spirit of conservatism which he now so highly values. But he has rendered greater services to the country than any other President since Lincoln, and it is to be hoped that he may live long to speak words of wisdom to his countrymen like those which fell from his lips at the Holland dinner.

Quay's triumphant return to the Senate is the renewal of Pennsylvania's disgrace. Fraud and perjury are written all over his reëlection. Seven Republican members of the Pennsylvania House voted for Quay, although they had given a signed pledge never to vote for him, and despite the fact that they owed their own election to that pledge. But for the treachery of these men, Quay could not have succeeded. So far as the voters of Pennsylvania were concerned, they had pronounced against Quay. In spite of the awful drag of Bryanism, they had elected a Legislature containing a clear and pledged anti-Quay majority. By what forbidden arts this majority was turned into a minority, ask common rumor at Harrisburg. One thing is evident, Quay's victory is the victory of what are euphemistically called "the commercial elements" of Pennsylvania. By this phrase is meant the large corporate interests that habitually buy legislation at Harrisburg and Washington. Quay is their adroit and useful tool, and to Quay, therefore, they supply the sinews of war. A man who can spend $200,000, as he did a few years ago, in a mere contest over a party State chairmanship, is a formidable opponent in these days of what ex-President Harrison describes as a "commercial carnival" in politics. Let it be borne in mind, then, that the real authors of Pennsylvania's disgrace, of Philadelphia's shame, are the social respectabilities, the whited sepulchres, who in secret strike hands with Quay and put more money in his purse in order that he may so manipulate legislation as to put more money in *their* purse. The transaction we are witnessing is really very simple. Pennsylvania corporations have hired a lobbyist and sent him to Washington. It is true they call him a United States Senator, and pretend that he gets his commission from the Legislature; but the whole thing is merely a financial investment.

To turn from Pennsylvania to Massachusetts is to turn from the money view of politics to the intellectual and moral. Senator Hoar's reëlection, by the vote of every member of his own party in the Legislature, and of several Democrats who delighted to honor him, shows what courage and character can yet do. He had boldly antagonized Republican policy and a Republican President when he found them in opposition to the fundamental principles of liberty and justice, but such had been the disinterestedness of his attitude, such the intrepidity of his utterance, so noble his scorn for the baser arts of the mere time-server, that the heart of Massachusetts, as of the nation, could not but go out to the gray and eloquent old man. "Represent us while you live, and let your memory honor us when you are gone," is what the people of Massachusetts, irrespective of party, have said to Senator Hoar. We are sure that he will receive his new commission as a fresh command to battle for the victims of our oppression, and that he will continue to show himself head and shoulders above his colleagues in the Senate, not only in intellect and lofty speech, but in that burning love of freedom and self-government of which he, as a type of an elder day, is so well fitted to renew the vision in an age gone blind with greed.

In removing Col. Burt from the Civil-Service Commission, and substituting a man who has never shown any interest in the merit system, Gov. Odell has made a mistake so inexcusable that the attempted defences only aggravate the outrage. We are told that the Governor removed Col. Burt, first of all, because he considered him too old to serve longer. But the sufficient answer to this is found in the accompanying statement of what is the simple truth, that he has done most of the work; as it was well put by a correspondent, he has directed the affairs of the Commission with little hindrance from the other two members. This is precisely what was to be expected and desired from a board of three men when one of them had for thirty years studied theoretically and applied practically the system which they were to administer, while the others were new to the task. It is further explained that Gov. Odell came to the conclusion that Col. Burt was "too much of a theorist and too little of a practical worker." The truth is that it is the practical side of his work which has been most conspicuous, and never more so than since the new Civil-Service Law, passed in the first year of Roosevelt's Administration, went into effect. Everything indicates that Gov. Odell removed Col. Burt because he wanted the representative of the Democratic party to be a man who takes the machine view of the civil service.

Three bills have been introduced in the Assembly, which have the Governor's support, to change the tax laws of the State. They are, first, a bill taxing corporations generally at the rate of 1¼ per cent. annually on the maximum of capital stock employed; second, a bill taxing insurance companies of all kinds 1 per cent. on all capital, surplus, or reserve fund, in addition to the tax now imposed of five-tenths of 1 per cent. on the gross amounts of premiums; and third, a bill taxing savings banks 1 per cent. on their surplus. It is believed that the three bills, if enacted, would add $5,700,000 to the State revenue. Two other measures are in contemplation, one to tax trust companies 1 per cent. on their surplus, and the other to

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tax banks other than savings banks at the same rate on their surplus. It is said that if these five bills are passed, and if the Governor's recommendations for reducing expenses are carried out, the State will have sufficient revenue to dispense with the general property tax, which is mostly a tax on real estate, and can adopt the rule of local option. This means that the counties will no longer be required to contribute a lump sum to the State, as fixed by the Board of Equalization, but that each county can adopt such system as it chooses to raise its local revenue, provided the same is not in conflict with the laws of the State. This is the desideratum to which all reform in State taxation now tends.

The investigation into the practice of hazing at West Point which has been going on for some weeks, first by a board of army officers, and then by a committee of Congress, has reached a most satisfactory conclusion. Just as the second body of investigators were closing their work on Saturday evening, the chairman of the House Committee was handed this document, which the Superintendent of the Academy had received from the Presidents of the four classes, signing for their respective classes:

"Having been cognizant of the manner in which the system of hazing as practised at the Military Academy is regarded by the people of the United States, we, the cadets of the United States Military Academy, while maintaining that we have pursued our system from the best motives; yet, realizing that the deliberate judgment of the people should, in a country like ours, be above all other considerations, do now reaffirm our former action abolishing the exercising of fourth-class men, and do further agree to discontinue hazing, the requiring of fourth-class men to eat anything against their desire, and the practice of 'calling out' fourth-class men by class action, and that we will not devise other similar practices to replace those abandoned."

The best thing about this action is the ready yielding to public sentiment. One great trouble about West Point has been that its graduates, scattered as they have been for the most part over the country, and few of them gathered in any one place, have not been able to bring criticism to bear upon the Academy as the graduates of an ordinary college could do. Nothing has done more to end hazing in civil institutions than the fact that the students were made to understand that former students condemned it and thought that it hurt the standing of their alma mater. As a Government institution, however, West Point is peculiarly amenable to the public sentiment of the country, and that sentiment has found clear and emphatic expression during the past month. It is the simple truth that "the deliberate judgment of the people should, in a country like ours, be above all other considerations," and it is highly creditable to the cadets that they frankly admit this and act upon it.

The circumstances of the Leavenworth (Kan.) lynching last week are most disheartening. The scene was a large city of the "free-soil" State. The sheriff, intimidated by the mob, actually brought the prisoner from the comparative safety of a country penitentiary to a city jail, having previously refused to avail himself of a military force urged upon him by the Governor. The lynching itself was of the most brutal sort. Five thousand maddened people watched the scene, and children fought for the charred fragments of the wretched victim—as "souvenirs." The city of Leavenworth can no more be the same after such an outbreak than can a man who has once "seen red" and killed his fellow. This whole lynching business is, in fact, not to be weighed by a few miserable lives blotted out, but by the accompanying brutalization of a people. The spread of lynching—a few weeks ago in Colorado, now in John Brown's State—shows how little competent it is for the North longer to take the pharisaical attitude toward the South in this matter. The single gleam of consolation is the conduct of Gov. Stanley, who, after his efforts to prevent the lynching were frustrated by the pusillanimity, or worse, of the local sheriff, took the most vigorous measures to secure the arrest of the lynchers.

"I believe in the wisdom and justice of the merit system." Such is the emphatic declaration of the new Governor of Indiana, and it is the more significant because Mr. Durbin has always been a practical politician, and describes himself as "a partisan of somewhat inflexible temperament." Nevertheless, so successful has proved the experiment of conducting the State's correctional and charitable institutions on a non-partisan basis during the past six years that Gov. Durbin has "become convinced of the practical utility of the methods now employed," and announces that he "can never assent to the endorsement of any proposition purposing a backward step" in this regard. Nor does he stop here. "I am frank to say further," he adds, "that politics should be eliminated from the public schools, and that the merit system should be made legally applicable there." There could hardly be a stronger tribute to the value of the merit system than so thorough-going a committal to it on the part of a practical politician such as the new Governor of Indiana has always been.

It is gratifying to see that the English press is coming to take a more favorable view than heretofore of the Senate amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The truth is that it was the form rather than the substance of the amendments that produced a bad impression on the other side of the water. If, after the treaty had been signed, the proposal had been made by us to substitute it for the Clayton-Bulwer treaty instead of making it additional or supplementary thereto, it is more than probable that the British Government would have given its assent. The present difficulty lies in the method which the Senate adopted of getting rid of the old treaty—a method savoring of force rather than of persuasion and negotiation. This is a misfortune, but it is due to the constitution of the treaty-making power, which, on our side, calls for the coöperation of a large body of men no one of whom is charged with any special responsibility. We must not be surprised if people on the other side of the water take offence at the abrupt method which we have employed in this instance. Nor must we be impatient if time is needed to wear away the bad impression that has been produced in British official circles. It remains true, nevertheless, that the great principle for which England has contended from the beginning—that the canal, by whomsoever constructed and owned, should be open to the ships of all nations on equal terms—is preserved, and that no fortifications can be erected commanding the line of the canal or its entrances. Having secured the adoption of this principle on the eve of operations for building the Nicaragua canal or acquiring that of Panama, it would be a regrettable error of judgment if the whole question were again left at sixes and sevens by the failure of the present treaty.

The programme of the first Ministry of the new Australian Commonwealth, as outlined by Premier Barton, presented several features of interest. He urged that the first Parliament be not convened in either of the provincial capitals, showing the fear of sectional influence which drove our own Government from New York and Philadelphia to an unpromising swamp by the Potomac. It was to be expected that the policy of the new federation should be strongly protectionist, but it will bring disappointment to England that Premier Barton was noticeably cold on the question of a British preferential duty, hinting that some similar concession would be expected from the mother country. It was in line, too, with the traditional policy of the Australian colonies that the revenues of the central Government should be raised by indirect, those of the State Governments by direct taxation. More or less Socialistic tendencies appear in the proposal that the Commonwealth buy and operate all the railways and legislate for arbitration and conciliation of labor disputes. Finally the Premier promises a bill for the establishment of womanhood suffrage. This ambitious and often radical programme quite confirms the general feeling that the Australasian colonies of Great Britain are coming to be the experiment stations of modern political and social theory.

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THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

In Greville's Memoirs—the publication of which gave as much offence at Court as did Thackeray's lectures on "The Four Georges"—it was written at the time of the accession of Princess Victoria that "nature has done little for her, but fortune much." This probably referred to the simple matter of personal beauty, in any case less necessary for a Queen than for a mere woman. If Greville's remark showed that he thought lightly of the Queen's mental parts, it would be fair to set over against it Tennyson's opinion, forty years later. The poet found in the Queen, besides a certain sort of "stately innocence," a marked "breadth of mind and wisdom." The only test open to us now is the public record of Victoria's reign. She certainly will never rank as one of the sovereigns whose personal ascendency was overpowering. Not with a Catharine or Maria Theresa, or even an Elizabeth, is it natural to compare her as a ruler. We cannot even say of her, as Bossuet said of another Queen of England, that "any other station than a throne would have been unworthy of her." Queen Victoria's finest qualities were womanly before they were royal; and it is a woman's tact and grace, silently influencing the policy of a mighty empire through an unprecedented reign, which we chiefly admire in her in her capacity as sovereign.

She was a Constitutional monarch. In that limitation we see the check which would have been put upon even a more masterful character than hers, if it had occupied the English throne. In Great Britain the Queen reigns, she does not govern. As for Victoria, she was fortunate in having as her first Prime Minister and Constitutional tutor in one, Lord Melbourne. That statesman's ready profanity—characteristic of the age when everybody damned everybody's eyes—and other personal peculiarities have loomed so large in story and legend as to obscure the real sagacity and accomplishments of the man. In reality, no shrewder or happier adviser of the young Queen could have been imagined. With tact equal to her own, and with firm decision always in the background for use when necessary, he discharged with great skill the difficult task of inducting a girl into the duties of Constitutional Queen of England. Perhaps his sharpest collision with her was on the point of the title which her husband, Prince Albert, was to be given. According to Lord Shaftesbury (reported by Mr. Russell), the Queen strongly wished the Prince to be made King Consort by Act of Parliament. Melbourne evaded the issue as long as possible, but her Majesty finally insisted upon a categorical answer. "I thought it my duty to be very plain with her," said the Premier afterwards. "I said, 'For God's sake, let's hear no more of it, ma'am; for if you once get the English people into the way of making kings, you will get them into the way of unmaking them.'"

Victoria's relations to her long succession of Prime Ministers would furnish an interesting theme for a large chapter in the history of her reign. That she was not at all partial to Mr. Gladstone is well known. "He talks to me as if I were a public meeting," she is reported to have said. Her aversion to summoning Mr. Gladstone in 1892 to form a Ministry, with her futile efforts to induce other Liberal leaders to undertake the task, was perhaps the severest strain to which she ever put the Constitutional prerogatives of the Crown. With Disraeli she was on the most cordial terms, even of personal and almost intimate friendship. He was an adroit courtier, and said in the last year of his life to Matthew Arnold, "Every one likes flattery; and when it comes to Royalty, you should lay it on with a trowel."

In one great department of government a great part is yet left to English sovereigns. We mean foreign policy. In this the Queen's influence was undoubtedly both powerful and most beneficent. From her earliest years she gave unremitting and intelligent attention to all the phases of England's world-wide international relations. Foreign dispatches and blue books found in her a regular and attentive reader. She had in addition the great advantage of hearing, in confidential conversation with the leading actors in great events, first-hand accounts of the progress of negotiations, of crises impending, of dangers to be skirted. More than one member of the English diplomatic service, admitted to the Queen's presence, has been astonished at the extent and minuteness of her information. Sir Bartle Frere, for example, before going to South Africa in 1877, had an interview with the Queen, and was as much amazed as delighted to find how closely she had followed the official correspondence.

That the Queen's one great hope and almost passion, so far as she could exert her influence in foreign affairs, was to avoid war, is testified to by many witnesses. Twice, and only twice, in her reign did a great foreign war come in spite of her efforts to prevent it; and if the terrible losses and sufferings of the Crimean war—now admitted to have been needless and fruitless—gave her in early life a horror of appeals to arms, the pitiful tragedy of the South African conflict may well be believed to have hastened her end. In other emergencies, the Queen's love of peace was more effective. She is thought to have done more than any one else to prevent the threatened war between Germany and France in 1875. Her bearing at the time of the *Trent* affair in our civil war is well known. Like Lincoln, she moderated the tone of the dispatches of the Ministers directly in charge of the negotiations, and thus helped to avert the awful calamity of war between England and the United States. This high and noble exertion of the power of the English Queen will be in the eyes of posterity one of her chief titles to affectionate remembrance and to fame.

It is a venerable figure which the world has watched going down to the grave. To say that in America the death of no other foreign sovereign could excite the sympathetic concern—almost a sense of personal loss—which is perceptible in all classes, is faintly to suggest the place which Queen Victoria long held in public esteem in this country. It is not simply ties of race and speech that make the difference; not alone the glamour and almost mythic glory which necessarily gather around a reign so beyond all precedent; it is the womanly virtues, kept clear and shining in exalted station, to which we pay tribute. We may make our own the words of the Bishop of Meaux, respecting the Queen of France, and say of Queen Victoria that "God raised her to the summit of human greatness in order to make the purity and constant orderliness of her life the more conspicuous and instructive." Thackeray paused, in the hard words which truth compelled him to utter in regard to the earlier monarchs of the House of Hanover, to speak in honest praise of the "good life" and "unsullied virtue" which all acknowledged in the "inheritrix of the sceptre" of the Georges. She was granted, as the Canon of St. Paul's prayed that she might be, in the service following her accession, a "long sojourning upon earth," and passed from it secure in the affection and memory not only of her own loyal subjects, whose attachment to her has been something wonderfully personal and passionate, but of alien peoples and distant lands.

MASSACRES BY CHRISTIANS IN CHINA.

Six months ago the press of the civilized world was filled with gruesome stories of the massacre of Christians by Chinese; to-day, Christendom is, or ought to be, standing in shame and confusion of face before the fact that Christian troops in China have surpassed the very Boxers in cruelty, in outrage, in rapine and ravage. Soldiers' letters and even some admissions by officers high in command have reached the public from time to time, and prepared the general mind for the horrors that were certain to be brought to light later. But even the most apprehensive could scarcely have been expecting such a fearful tale of wreck and slaughter as is given us in this month's English magazines, by two eye-witnesses whose testimony cannot be disputed. One of them is Sir

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Robert Hart. He declares, in the *Fortnightly*, that "the days of Taepingdom, when native warred with native, showed nothing worse" than the atrocities committed by the allied forces in China.

The most detailed account, however, is that in the *Contemporary*, by Dr. E. J. Dillon. Readers may remember him as the man who, six years ago, was giving to the world the full story of the Turkish massacres in Armenia. He speaks thus as an expert in all matters of fiendish cruelty. Certainly no one but a man with nerves of steel could have witnessed the sights which he beheld in China and come away sane. His reports are too horrible, in their darkest features, to be reprinted. We limit ourselves to one or two of his less lurid pictures. Having one day to step over eight human bodies lying in an alley in Tungtchau, Dr. Dillon asked a non-commissioned officer why these Chinamen had been killed:

"'Eight?' he answered; 'there are seven more down there. What they did? All they could. They actually did nothing. Ask what they would have done, and I shall answer, "Arson." They were suspected of an intention to set fire to houses here.'"

This was but an example of the way in which thousands of men, women, and children, throughout three Chinese provinces, were butchered on suspicion, or out of mere whim. The rivers were choked with corpses. The dead lay in heaps in the burned towns. Neither age nor sex was spared. Dr. Dillon's pages show that all the wholesale murders and tortures of history—the massacre of the innocents by Herod, the Dragonades, the slaughter of the Waldenses, even the glutting of Turkish fury in Bulgaria and Armenia—must yield in completeness of horror to the work of the soldiers of Christian nations, who had gone to China for the sake of rebuking heathen cruelties!

On one aspect of Dr. Dillon's revelations we can touch but shudderingly as we pass. This is the frightful extent of the frightful crimes against Chinese women. Some of the specific cases he gives would be incredible, did he not cite names and places, and declare what his own eyes had seen. We seem to be reading of unspeakable monsters. After one piteous tale of mingled outrage and bloodshed, Dr. Dillon adds:

"I knew of others whose wives and daughters hanged themselves on trees or drowned themselves in garden wells, in order to escape a much worse lot. Chinese women honestly believed that no more terrible fate could overtake them than to fall alive into the hands of Europeans and Americans. And it is to be feared that they were right. Buddhism and Confucianism have their martyrs to chastity, whose heroic feats no martyrology will ever record. Some of those obscure but right-minded girls and women hurled themselves into the river, and, finding only three feet of water there, kept their heads under the surface until death had set his seal on the sacrifice of their life. . . . But a large number of ill-starred women fell alive into the hands of the allied troops. I saw some of them in Pekin and Tungtchau, but already dead, with frightful gashes in the breast, or skulls smashed in, and one with a horribly mutilated body. There is a lady missionary in Pekin who, in company with a female colleague, busied herself, to my knowledge, for months in shielding Chinese women and girls from being raped by Christian and European soldiers, and the work was anything but easy, though I have reason to believe that it has proved eminently successful. Even in the broad daylight soldiers hung about the Refuge and employed various devices and tricks to get hold of the women, whom they ought to have been the first to protect."

To come down, after this, to mere looting is a comparative relief. In the systematic stealing the soldiers of all nationalities took a part. The Japanese officers were the first to get their men in hand and repress and punish looting; next in order of merit came the Americans. But the robbery was wholesale and unblushing. Writing of what he saw in Pekin, Sir Robert Hart says that "even some missionaries took such a leading part in 'spoiling the Egyptians' for the greater glory of God that a bystander was heard to say, 'For a century to come Chinese converts will consider looting and vengeance Christian virtues!'"

We are glad and proud to say that Dr. Dillon exonerates American troops from anything but a minor and sporadic share in the atrocities. Indeed, he says that, so far as he knows, "no officers or soldiers of English or German-speaking nationalities have been guilty of the abominations against defenceless women." This agrees with the accounts of Japanese newspaper correspondents in China, who placed the American detachment first (after the Japanese) in point of discipline and good behavior. Dr. Dillon is of the same mind as other impartial observers in regard to the Japanese. They were, he says, "the only Power among the allies who understood the natives, gained their confidence, restored perfect order, and reëstablished the reign of law." This was heaping coals of fire with a vengeance upon the heads of those Christian nations which were exclaiming with horror at the Japanese barbarities at Port Arthur! Japan might well leave the primacy in wanton bloodshed and beastly crime to the so-called Christian Powers.

What is the moral of all this? The familiar old one that war is hell, and that men who engage in it tend to revert to the nature of devils. Sir Robert Hart remarks that "the warriors of this new century can be as brutal, with all their wonderful discipline and up-to-date weapons, as were ever the savages of earlier times with tomahawk, boomerang, or assegai." This is one thing that the Chinese experience teaches. War is the unchaining of the brute. Kipling's barbarous praise of war has its proper commentary in these tales of massacre and lustful cruelty which are putting Christian countries to the blush. The ideal which he held up before English youth, in 'Stalky & Co.,' was that of letting loose well-drilled men "on the south side of Europe, with a sufficiency of Sikhs and a reasonable prospect of loot." Well, he got his Sikhs loose in China, and American soldiers, Dr. Dillon tells us, and we are glad to learn, shot them down for violating helpless Chinese women.

The whole record has not yet leaped to light. Gen. Chaffee's dispatches are evidently too plain-spoken for the War Department to think it prudent to publish them. But enough is known to make it certain that Christendom has bettered the instruction of the Boxers, and has no right hereafter to cast a stone at the Chinese, or any other dwellers in the habitations of cruelty.

THE DISMALER SCIENCE.

Political economy has suffered much reproach for its figment, "the economic man." That shape of dread was, in reality, a perfectly legitimate and sound invention. Huxley rightly put it on a par with a scientific hypothesis, as an aid to analysis and investigation. But there was great confusion about it in the popular mind. To describe minutely how a perfectly selfish man would act was taken to mean that in that way all men ought to act. Hasty and illogical writers cried out with horror that economists were ruling out all the nobler qualities of human nature, and, by their supposition of a man actuated only by material self-interest, were lending their authority to the screwing down of wages, the grinding of the face of the poor, and the adoption of a hard-and-fast law of supply and demand, in place of the Golden Rule, as the true norm of conduct. It was political economy, thus conceived (*mis*conceived, of course), that Carlyle in 1850 called, "by way of eminence, the *dismal science*."

All this is an old story, and these misunderstandings no longer vex instructed people; but the supposed doctrine of the economists has, strangely enough, become the avowed principle of mighty nations. The fictitious dismal science of industry and trade has been taken over and made a real and dismaler science in the realm of national life and activity. Read Chancellor von Bülow's frank avowals before the Reichstag. He was speaking of the unwillingness of the German Government to receive President Kruger, and said that the question whether the Boers were right or wrong had nothing to do with the case. "I cannot conduct foreign policy from the point of view of pure moral philosophy. It is not ours to ask which is right and which is wrong. The politician is no judge of morals; he has solely to maintain the interests and rights of his own country." Is not that the true Gradgrind note? Could the "economic man," made Chancellor and set to rule over a mighty empire, more cynically avow selfishness to be the end and standard of

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national policy? No wonder that the venerable Professor Mommsen felt indignation burning hot within him at Von Bülow's light dismissal of a world-injustice (*Weltunrecht*), and wrote to the Berlin *Nation* to protest that the possibility of Germans going over to such an ignoble policy was "the wildest of wild dreams."

Of course, it is possible to quibble over the word "interests" in the question of international ethics, just as it is in the utilitarian philosophy. As it can be maintained that it is "useful" for a man to be unselfish, high-minded, generous, brave and kind, so it can be argued that the true "interests" of a country require her to sympathize with liberty, to aid oppressed peoples, to preserve high political ideals at home by admiring and assisting them abroad. This is possible, but it is not the fair intent of what Chancellor von Bülow said and was understood to mean. He made a stark affirmation of the supremacy of selfish material interests as the true guide of the statesman in all international relations. In what way can I make the most money, get the most land, obtain the most advantage over the weak, and most ingratiate myself with the strong? That, according to the German Chancellor, is the only question which the head of a nation needs to ask. Given the answer, the rule of conduct is given. And in this, of course, he was but saying what Lord Salisbury says, what President McKinley acts upon though he may be ashamed to say it.

In other words, according to the avowals and the acts of three of the great Powers of the world, diplomacy is the true dismal science—far less a "gay science" than political economy ever was. We are to regulate our conduct towards other nations according to the ethics of the huckster. Making money is the only test of right action. Cheating somebody is the only virtue. Cozening a weak people out of their land is the only success. Great Britain in South Africa, Germany in China, and the United States in the Philippines are the great exemplars of this kind of international morality. Their statesmen have taken an exploded and discredited doctrine of private morality, and made it the regulative spring of public morality. Of course, they cannot be as honest about it as Machiavelli was. They have to mix a little hypocrisy with their brutality, and pretend that they are acting for the good of the annexed populations. Saying nothing about the hypocrisy, we may affirm with Leslie Stephen that, looking at the facts, "while the benefit is doubtful, the admitted evil is undeniable and enormous."

One such evil is unquestionably the terrible reaction which man or nation suffers that falls away from high ideals. In this sense there is a solemn truth in what Mr. Cleveland said respecting our long Philippine injustice, that, after it, "our country will never be the same again." We may yet right the wrong; we may still make a moral recovery; but we shall have lost something never to be regained. We have made the dreadful mistake of

> "——supposing
> That freemen may like bondsmen kneel and truckle,
> And then stand up as usual, without losing
> An inch of stature."

We are already experiencing some of the results of a national policy of sheer selfishness and greed. The watchwords of liberty stick in our throats. The old generous cries of encouragement to men struggling to be free, die on our lips. Our public oratory rings more and more of the guinea. National greatness is recorded not in lyric or history, but in a ledger. We have become subdued to the grovelling standard of national morality which we have adopted, and are Wordsworth's "selfish men" in a selfish nation. The only hope is that our shamefaced attitude toward Boer and Filipino may speedily convince us that a dismal science of international action makes dismal citizens of a republic; and lead us to seek leaders and a policy that will "raise us up," and "give us manners, virtue, freedom, power."

THE WORK-CURE FOR TRAMPS.

Massachusetts notoriously bears an evil reputation among tramps, and her methods of dealing with them have, therefore, a peculiar interest for States that have not yet learned the best way of discouraging the vagabond fraternity. These methods vary greatly in different localities. In one the tramps are sent to the common jail; in another, a special tramp-house or (less invidious accommodation) a wayfarers' lodge is provided. In one the tramp is fed, while in another food is withheld. This town exacts work of the vagrant passing guest, and the next entertains him freely. Thus the plans adopted in the Bay State, as conveniently displayed in a recent publication of the American Statistical Association, are in an unusual degree representative and instructive.

In the year 1899 the cases of vagrancy in Massachusetts numbered 207,081 (it must be remembered here that the same tramp may have been entertained many times in the course of the year), and the resulting draft on the public purse was $33,086. Of the 184 cities and towns (about half of the whole number) which report on their methods, 65 shelter and feed vagrants, but do not make them work, nor arrest them, except upon repeated application for aid or more serious charges. Among towns of this class it is interesting to note that the tramps prefer those which lodge and feed their vagrants in police stations over those that provide especial accommodation. The city of Worcester, for instance, which feeds its tramps at the police station on nothing more toothsome than crackers costing 1.4 cents per tramp per meal, harbors in the course of a year one tramp for every nine inhabitants; while Springfield, which provides more generous entertainment at a wayfarers' lodge, escapes with only one to thirty-five, and even Boston (the natural Mecca of New England trampdom), under similar conditions, is burdened with but one tramp for every twenty-one citizens. To make the comparison fair, it should be added that Boston and Springfield exact work—a thing which the vagabond soul abhors. In general, however, the facts substantiate the theory recently advanced by Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton, in their striking book 'The Powers that Prey,' that there is a kind of elective affinity between the police and the lawbreaker; while the experience of Worcester, unless the back door is exceptionally hospitable in that city, abundantly proves that the way to have tramps is to feed and shelter them without requiring any return in work.

That the way to discourage tramps is, conversely, to make them work, is strikingly shown by the statistics of the neighboring cities of Springfield, Chicopee, and Holyoke, in the Connecticut River valley. Springfield offers entertainment to all comers at the wayfarers' lodge, as a set-off to the sawing of one-fourth of a cord of wood. During last year 1,472 vagrants, one for every thirty-five of the population, availed themselves of this privilege. Holyoke, which provides lodging at the police station but no food, harbors double the gross number, or one to thirteen. Chicopee, under the same system, handles one for every six, fairly surpassing the evil case of Worcester. That is, no food and no work are infinitely preferable, in the tramp's eyes, to food gained in the sweat of his face. If further proof were necessary that compulsory work is the great deterrent of vagrancy, it is furnished in the experience of Chicopee. In 1895 a rumor appeared in the Springfield papers that Chicopee was to establish a wood-yard. The nightly tale of tramps dropped immediately from some twenty-five to about half a dozen, till the disquieting report had been satisfactorily and officially contradicted, when the normal average was reëstablished.

The investigation was not without its humors. The small towns particularly found it difficult to provide work. At Marion they managed to set their tramps at breaking stone during the week, but, lacking Sunday employment, had in mind substituting compulsory church attendance for stone-breaking. More than half the towns believe that tramps should be bathed before being fed, while a few protest on the ground of common humanity; few, however, actually make an effort to enforce cleanliness.

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The investigation seems to prove that accommodation should be provided for tramps and other vagrants; that such accommodation should be preferably apart from police stations or almshouses, because the knowledge that tramps are especially provided for tends to lessen that voluntary aid through which chiefly the vagrant life is possible; finally, that the uniform exaction of work will do more than anything else to check, and eventually to do away with, the social plague which trampdom increasingly threatens to be. This is the conclusion of the whole matter, in the view of the investigators—that there is no kindness in making it easy for a man to tramp, instead of trying to get regular work; that the sooner a man who is slipping into vagrancy can be forced to realize that it is a way of life not tolerated in the community, the better for him, and that there seems to be evidence that the cities and towns which most consistently make an effort to exact work of the men whom they lodge and feed, do most to make this understood, and thereby do most to check vagrancy.

A SICILIAN TRAINING-SCHOOL.

MONTREAL, January, 1901.

Few visitors to the charming city of Palermo, "La Felice," have either leisure or disposition to pay heed to the serious, hard-working aspect of a life which, superficially at least, appears to be led chiefly in the bustle and gay *insouciance* of sunlit Southern streets. I am quite sure that, of the scores of strangers who annually pay a stereotyped homage to the beauty of the Arabo-Norman palace of La Zisa, not one in fifty casts a glance across the street to a plain yellow building of unpretending exterior, the purpose and work of which in the steady *Risorgimento* of Italy, I found mention of neither in guide-books nor in works of Sicilian travel. A four-line item among the city news in a local newspaper informed me that a study of Dante had been read to her pupils and their friends by Signorina ——, one of the teachers in the Casa Educatrice Whitaker; and a few questions in the right quarter not only informed me as to the nature of the institution, but also brought about a most interesting visit to the place itself under the guidance of one whose family name has, for now two generations, stood high in all endeavors for the improvement of Sicily and her people.

The Educatorio Whitaker, to call it by its official name, occupies the apartments of an old convent, secularized along with so many others after the war of unification. With a few necessary changes, the building, both inside and out, still retains much of its original aspect; but the animating spirit of the place is no longer reactionary. In July, 1876, a committee or board in charge of the asylums for poor children determined to establish a training-school, the graduates of which should be fully qualified to teach in their various institutions; for between the inactivity of the state and the still more marked indifference of the recently dispossessed religious orders, the education and training of young women under the new conditions were entirely neglected. Private subscribers soon gave liberally to the enterprise, and on the 1st of January, 1881, the institution took the name of its chief benefactor, which it still retains. Since that time, the present representatives of the late Mr. Whitaker's family have continued to supply much the largest share of the needs of the establishment. It is worthy of especial note that the first serious effort to place the education of Sicilian women on something else than a strictly ecclesiastical or conventual basis was chiefly owing to the philanthropy of an Englishman. Apart from this, the success of the school, to which I shall presently refer, must be placed to the credit of Cavaliere Scandurra, its director, whose life has been devoted to the task since its foundation.

On the occasion of my visit, I was charmingly received by him and by three of his assistants, who appeared almost surprised, yet not displeased, that a travelling stranger should feel curiosity or interest in their work. Perhaps the most immediately gratifying circumstance to myself was that the talk was not necessarily restricted to Italian, for one of these young ladies spoke excellent French, and another was about as well versed in English. Entering by the main door, now no longer barred or locked, one is ushered into a plain, bare hall, which serves for general exercises and reunions. It was formerly the chapel, but the old narrow windows have, with one exception, given way to spacious openings, which admit both light and air. Cav. Scandurra pointed out one window, still in its primitive condition, which, he said, would be modernized as soon as the exchequer would permit; nevertheless, he appeared to find something worth consideration in the proposal to let it stand as a contrast between the old and the new *régime*. As we entered this hall a class of some twenty little girls all rose to their feet and smilingly greeted us with a very well-executed song in unison. I was informed that the seven hundred pupils of the establishment might have welcomed me in similar fashion had I but expressed the desire. As the reader can well imagine, even a case-hardened teacher might quail at the mere thought of meeting fourteen hundred eyes of Sicilian girls. Behind stretches the playground, formerly the convent-garden, reached through broad portals; and here clusters of larger girls, several of them almost young women, were standing or playing in groups. Certainly, a *bella gioventù*; hardly a face or figure but bore signs of health and intelligence, in marked contrast with so many of the popular types one sees every day in the streets of Palermo. And it must be remembered that none of these girls belong to the wealthy or pampered class. Almost without exception they are daughters of the *petite bourgeoisie*, often of the very poor; but the care given to their training in every particular results in a general impression of robustness, while cultivating also a prevailing disposition of cheerfulness and contentment, if physiognomy has any value as a sign. The system of discipline, as I subsequently found, is the rule of mildness and persuasion.

On the same floor as the hall lie the refectory, pantry, and kitchen, all extremely simple in fittings and furniture, but so specklessly clean as to make one eager for the privilege of enjoying a meal there; here, also, the attendants looked smilingly on, in pleased satisfaction at the approbation which their labors called for and got. Not a trace of the odor of cooking is allowed to hang about the place; and the trim look of the maids in neat caps and aprons forms a striking contrast with what ignorant travellers commonly describe as the *laisser-aller* of southern Europe.

Passing up a broad and well-swept stone staircase, we reach the classrooms, all of which are situated on the first floor; the living rooms above I very naturally neither saw nor asked to visit. The classrooms, in spite of their extreme simplicity, remain interesting because of the ingenious plan by which they were devised. This consisted in breaking down a succession of thick partition walls belonging to an *enfilade* of nuns' cells, four or five of the latter together thus making a long, rather low-ceiled room, with plenty of light and air through sensibly enlarged windows. In such rooms as these the young Sicilian girl need not forget her faith or religious duties, but she can further learn the history of her country, and her own responsibilities as the probable mother of sons of regenerated Italy. To point such lessons, the teacher (of history, let us say) has but to lead her class across the corridor to a little balcony from which, over the housetops, the eye falls on the glorious color of the line of hills enclosing the Conca d'Oro; and off to the left the sun sheds a gleam on the monument to Garibaldi, crowning the eminence from which the leader of the "Mille" looked down before his victorious descent upon Palermo. It was he and his followers who rendered possible the extension of secular learning to women under such conditions as these in the Italy of our day. It was encouraging to hear that much the same thought had been anticipated by the present Dowager Queen of Italy, who some years ago paid a visit to the institution, not only in her official capacity, but as representing the achievement and aspirations of Italian womanhood. Of this visit a very palpable sign remains in a set of beautifully colored pictures of flowers, used as models by the pupils in the classes of embroidery and fancy work; these, presented by her Majesty Queen Margherita, were framed by one of the distinguished lady patronesses of the institution, herself a member of an ancient Sicilian family and yet entirely in sympathy with the new order of things.

The work of the school is divided into four principal departments, which, in the judgment of the administration, suffice for all the present wants of the class of girls for whom the scheme is designed. I must again point out that there is no striving here after what we call the "higher education" of women; the Educatorio puts forward no university pretensions whatever, and thus by entering into no rivalry with official institutions, seems to have succeeded (if my observations were accurate) in winning and keeping the support of official good opinion. There is, in the first place, a boarding-school for girls. In this, as in the other departments, the cost is so low that people of very modest means can yet afford to send their daughters to it, while deserving, but entirely destitute, young persons can also be received; the charges in such cases being defrayed out of the original gift and also by constant fresh

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supplies. There were at the time of my visit sixty resident pupils, several without other family or home, whom the school thus undertakes to train thoroughly for a special purpose, and establish in respectable positions after they leave.

Most of the pupils, however, enter into the second category of day-scholars, wisely handed over to the Educatorio authorities by the directing-board of the free schools of Palermo. This contingent, principally, swells the number actually receiving instruction here to the already mentioned figure of seven hundred, all of them taught by young women who have themselves been approved of by the institution. These teachers come from the normal-school of the Educatorio, the department which, so far as I could judge from visible results, appeared to me the crowning success of the place. Between 1876 and 1899, one hundred and thirty-six young women have been drilled in the work of teaching in various branches, but all on a sound basis of middle-class training. Thirteen of them are now engaged in the school itself, all but two as regular teachers or professors. A school at Randazzo, with a kindergarten, employs no less than eight. And the eagerness with which such instructors are sought throughout the country is proved by the fact that thirty-four of them are engaged in various public schools about the island. As a sign of the care exercised in completing the work of the school, I may add that a trained teacher is not, on leaving, thrust out to find or struggle for a position as best she may, but the authorities (and chiefly the admirable director of the Educatorio) secure appointments for such as have no family to return to, or are unable to wait for work. Some of these positions being in the newly acquired colony of Eritrea, a colonial section became imperative; and I was much interested in hearing that Arabic, taught by a young Egyptian lady, forms an important item in the programme.

In the practical department, or work-school, are taught a variety of useful pursuits, such as needlework of several kinds, designing, drawing, and so forth, all without views to the "accomplishment" element in education, but merely in order to further the growth of the feeling of self-help and social usefulness in the learners, who subsequently convey them into the home or the world of work. Some of the drawings, it may be mentioned, were executed by tiny girls of twelve years of age, and, although taken from complicated and difficult relief models, would be a credit to any art-school. In fact, the quality of the work done in all departments has proved so uniformly excellent that graduates of the Educatorio are now entitled to offer themselves as candidates for all the Government girls' schools in town or country, without further examination. Besides all this valuable and thorough training, great care is observed in keeping up the original higher moral purpose of the institution by gently dwelling on the teacher's vocation with all the self-discipline involved in the right comprehension of it; character and conduct are constantly insisted on, not only in regard to the internal administration of the school, but as indispensable elements in the recommendation given to any teacher aspiring to a place. And as this appears to be achieved through no system of punishment whatever, but by the constant example of the head and his staff, it would seem as though the admittedly difficult problem of dealing with Sicilian character has been solved, so far as the women are concerned, within the four walls of this secularized convent. I am glad to be able to say that I have never been more profoundly impressed with the results of such a method than in this special instance. Perhaps the only regrettable feature connected with it is the professedly imperative necessity of restricting the benefits of such education and training to members of the Catholic Church.

But much the most encouraging reflection, after such a visit as this, is that here, after all, apparently, is the truest hope for those who have not yet lost their faith in the future of Sicily—and of Italy. In spite of economic confusion, of political insecurity even more alarming, work of this kind is being carried on all over the country, in corners unvisited by the tourist, through the efforts of a host of patient and modest teachers. It is my sincere conviction that their generation will see its reward. P. T. L.

THE CASPIAN SEA.

KRASNOVODSK, October 13, 1900.

When the imagination properly takes in the facts, it gives one a strange sensation to be sailing about over the waters of the Caspian Sea, and to wander over its low-lying shores. For, except when we look at our barometer, it is difficult to realize that we are in the centre of a vast depression in the surface of the earth nearly 100 feet (exactly 84 feet) below the level of the sea. But our barometer has reached its limit and is no longer of use. When we inquire further, and examine the facts more carefully, we learn that a sandy ridge of only twenty-three feet in height is all that prevents the backward flow of the Black Sea into the northern part of the Caspian, through the long and swampy depression of Lake Manytch; while everything around indicates that the Caspian basin was once full to overflowing, and that the present sea is but a survival of a vast oceanic depression.

The Caspian Sea is 740 miles long and from 200 to 400 miles wide. Its area is about 181,000 square miles, but its drainage basin is immensely larger. The Volga alone brings into it the drainage of more than 500,000 square miles of European Russia, and the Ural, 80,000; while six other rivers from the Caucasus and the table-lands to the south and southeast, contribute the quota furnished by two or three hundred thousand more. Indeed, the water pouring into the Caspian probably exceeds that brought into the Black Sea by the Danube, the Don, and the other streams emptying into it. And yet the Caspian Sea is not full. That it was once full and running over is shown by a variety of considerations. It is surrounded on its whole northern end and on its southeastern side by wide, low plains, but little above its level, which are everywhere impregnated with salt, and which contain the shells of mollusks like those now inhabiting the sea. All over these areas are scattered minor depressions, many of which are considerably lower than the sea, and are either completely dried up, having salt deposits in the bottom, or are partially filled with water much salter than that of the ocean.

A curious fact about the Caspian Sea itself, however, is that its water is much less salt than that of the ocean. In the shallow northern portion of the sea, which receives the drainage of all central and southern Russia, the water of the Caspian is so fresh, especially in the early summer months, as to be drinkable; while in the deeper southern portion the water is less salt than that of the Black Sea, and only one-third as salt as the ocean. At first thought, this would appear to be inconsistent with the theory that the Caspian basin is a partially dried-up portion of an oceanic belt, for in that case it would seem that, as with Great Salt Lake and the Dead Sea, the water ought to increase in saltness as it becomes less in volume. An interesting process is found to be going on, however, which constantly tends to reduce the salinity of the water, and which helps us to understand how those vast salt deposits which underlie central New York, eastern Ohio, and southern Michigan might have been formed. Of course we do not refer to the constant inflow of fresh water, for that is all removed by evaporation, but the Caspian Sea is surrounded on its most arid sides by numerous and large bays connected with the main body of water by narrow and shallow channels through which currents are constantly flowing from the sea, but not back into it. This is because the evaporation is so great that the inflowing currents are barely sufficient to supply the waste from that source. The consequence is, that an enormous amount of salt is carried off from the sea into these receptacles and there detained. One of the longest of these is the Karaboghaz, or Bitter Water, a bay nearly one hundred miles in diameter, situated about midway on the eastern shore, and connected with the sea by a channel only five feet deep and four hundred and fifty wide. Through this the water of the Caspian is constantly flowing at a rate which is never less than a mile and a half an hour, and is usually three miles an hour. Von Baer, who has investigated the matter most carefully, estimates that through this channel alone 350,000 tons of salt is daily withdrawn from the central body of the sea. Many similar basins have already been filled with the salt which has crystallized from the water thus brought into them and evaporated.

There is, however, another probable explanation of the low salinity of the Caspian Sea which has not been properly considered. This is to be found in the recentness of the causes which have brought about the present conditions of things. The process of desiccation over the basin of the Caspian has necessarily gone on with great rapidity since its outlets were elevated above sea level. For, while the rainfall is less than a foot per annum, the evaporation is probably three feet. When, therefore, its area was twice as large as at present, its level was very likely reduced as much as a foot per annum, notwithstanding the inflow of its great rivers. With its present contracted surface it just balances these contributions. This rapid process of evaporation resulted in leaving a large part of the salt stranded over the outlying abandoned bed. It has not had time to get back into the sea. It is probable, also, that the original saltness had been much reduced by the overflow into the Black Sea, which would have continued for some time after the original elevation of the region.

As we have already said, the greatest contributor of water to the Caspian Sea is the Volga, which brings into it a large part of the drainage of all Russia. But, about 300 miles above its present mouth, this river so

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nearly approaches the trough of the Don, which empties into the Sea of Azov, and is so nearly on a level with it, that a canal fifty miles long is made to connect the two. It is evident, therefore, that slight physical changes might divert the waters of the Volga into the lower valley of the Don, and so into the Black Sea, thus robbing the Caspian of its present main supply. The result of such a diversion would be a great contraction of its area and lowering of its surface. Curiously enough, such a contraction and lowering of the surface even since the Christian era is witnessed to by historical evidence. The city of Derbend is situated on the west shore of the Caspian, where a spur of the Caucasus Mountains comes down to the water's edge. This has always been a fortified point, and is reported to have been strengthened by Alexander the Great. But the foundations of masonry are ascertained to extend more than fifty feet below the present level of the sea. Moreover, it is reported that the natives proposed to conduct Alexander across dry-shod, which could only have been done if the shallow ridge running across the sea from the Caucasus Mountains near Baku to the Grand Balkan near Krasnovodsk had been laid bare by a general lowering of the water. This condition of things is supposed to have continued down to about the fifth century of the Christian era.

In view, also, of the historical references to such a fluctuation in the lower course of the Volga, there would seem, therefore, little doubt that far-reaching physical changes have occurred in this region in comparatively recent times. How profoundly these have affected the complex movement of population in Western Asia and Eastern Europe is a question of the greatest interest. It is instructive to find, also, how generally the study of the physical conditions of the East is confirming the sources of ancient history, and rendering easy of belief many statements which an incomplete knowledge of the conditions had tended to discredit. And still the Caspian Sea has a future far greater than its past. Its fisheries, its petroleum products, and its commerce are building up great and rich cities upon all its shores. A single company in Petrovsk pays $200,000 for its fishing privileges at the mouth of the Kura River. Astrakhan, at the mouth of the Volga, is a city of 120,000 inhabitants, and the commerce passing through it is comparable to that going through the Sault Ste. Marie. A small district near Baku produces more oil than the entire United States, and the city already has a population of nearly 200,000; while Krasnovodsk, the railroad terminus from which I write, on the eastern shore. though dependent on distilled water, and water brought in on the cars, now commands the commerce of a large part of Central Asia.

G. Frederick Wright.

MLLE. ROBESPIERRE.

Paris, January 2, 1901.

We may see, in our own time, how rapidly history is changed into legend and transformed according to the passions of the hour. A legend has connected itself with the sister of the famous Terrorist Robespierre, and M. Lenotre, in his valuable volume, 'Vieilles Maisons, Vieux Papiers,' has taken the trouble to tell us the real truth about her. The legend was formed after the publication in 1834, a long time after the Terror, of the 'Memoirs of Charlotte Robespierre.' These Memoirs were published from a manuscript after the death of Mlle. Robespierre, by a "Robespierrist arriéré," says M. Lenotre. Her testament, written with her own hand on the 6th of February, 1828, was examined by M. Lenotre at the office of a notary of the La Tournelle quarter. It is thus worded:

"Wishing, before paying to Nature the tribute which all mortals owe to her, to make known my sentiments towards my eldest brother, I declare that I always knew him as a man full of virtue; I protest against all the letters, detrimental to his honor, which have been attributed to him; and, wishing to dispose of what I shall leave at my death, I hereby constitute Mlle. Reine-Louise-Victoire Mathon my universal legatee."

The Memoirs are written in the same spirit. "Oh," says M. Lenotre, "in what tender colors Robespierre is painted in them! What sensibility, what amiable resignation! The heroes of Florian are Tiberiuses beside him; every line celebrates the mildness of his character, the purity of his heart, his even temper, the simplicity of his life, etc." When the men of Thermidor attack her brother, she utters imprecations against them. She represents herself as having for forty years bemoaned this well-beloved brother, and she repeats on every occasion, "Oh, had he only lived!" "Well," adds M. Lenotre, "if he had lived, perhaps Charlotte would not have written a line." He has gone over old documents kept at the General Security department. "Mlle. de Robespierre," he says, "probably thought that nobody would ever look there for the refutation of her romance."

The mother of Charlotte Robespierre died young; the father, "called to foreign parts by mysterious interests," left Arras in 1766 and never reappeared. Robespierre and his brother Augustin were taken in by their grandfather, a brewer; their young sister Charlotte, by her aunts, two old and pious maids, who were very poor. By the protection of the Bishop of Arras, Charlotte was admitted into a charitable establishment administered by a Jesuit. The two brothers were educated, the eldest at Louis-le-Grand, with the help of the Abbé de Saint Waast. In 1781 we find them living with their sister in a small house at Arras, which is still shown to strangers. In 1789 Maximilian, who had a legal position, was elected to the States-General. After the session of the Constituent Assembly, he was appointed "public prosecutor." His sister helped him with the little money she had to establish himself in Paris.

Robespierre lived in the house of a cabinet-maker named Duplay, in a house in the Rue St. Honoré, which is still preserved in part. Duplay, his wife, and children became for Robespierre a sort of family; they were very proud of him, flattered him in every way, and, when Charlotte came from Arras to live with him, they tried to disgust her and quarrelled with her. Charlotte took lodgings in the same quarter, in the Rue St. Florentin, and persuaded her brother to live with her. He consented for a while, but the Duplays soon brought him back triumphantly to their own house. The younger Robespierre tried to console her by taking her with him on a mission to the army of Italy. Unfortunately, he took also with him a young lady of easy virtue with whom Charlotte soon quarrelled. Augustin ordered his sister to leave the army, and she returned to her deserted apartment in the Rue St. Florentin.

The Duplays kept guard around Robespierre; they felt, or affected to feel, continued apprehensions about him, they were persuaded that all the world was conspiring against their lodger. One day Charlotte, who wished to reconcile herself with her brother, sent to him, through a friend, two pots of confitures. Mrs. Duplay sent them back angrily. "Take this away; I don't want her to poison Robespierre." After a while Robespierre sent for his sister. He received her amicably, but told her that, in her position, she could not remain in Paris, she had better return to Arras. She consented, and left for Arras with Lebon, pro-consul of the province of Artois. As soon as she arrived, she was denounced as an aristocrat to the popular society of the town, at the instigation of Lebon himself, if we may credit the author of 'The Secrets of Joseph Lebon.' The pro-consul was an intimate friend of the Duplays. Charlotte was much frightened, and placed herself under the protection of an enemy of Lebon, Florent Guyot, a member of the Convention, who was at the time the commander of Lille. Guyot sent her back to Paris, but she dared not return to her apartment in the Rue St. Florentin, which was too near the house of the Duplays. She took refuge in the house of Citoyenne Laporte, wife of a judge of the revolutionary tribunal of Paris, a quondam glove and perfumery merchant.

Charlotte was staying still at his house on the famous day of the 9th Thermidor. Forty years afterwards the Memoirs speak thus of this event: "I rush out in the street, my head bewildered and despairing. I call, I look for my brothers; I learn that they are at the Conciergerie. I run thither, I beg with clasped hands to see them; I fall on my knees before the soldiers; they turn me away. My reason goes; I don't know what happened, what became of me. . . . When I came to myself I was in prison." Charlotte was carried away by her imagination. In reality, as soon as she heard of the arrest of her brothers, she left her apartment. She never showed herself at the Conciergerie, but prudently took refuge in the Halles quarter, at the house of a Mme. Béguin, under an assumed name. She was however, discovered there by the spies of the Committee of General Security three days afterwards, and conducted to the Section of the Contrat Social (are they not admirable, these names of General Security, Social Contract, etc.?).

"It must be said," writes M. Lenotre, "that in the face of danger the behavior of this sister of the Gracchi was deplorable. She disavowed her brothers with a disconcerting ease, told how they had turned her out and she had nearly been their victim. She swore that if she had suspected their infamous plot, she would have denounced them rather than see her country perish. She did not forget the woman Duplay, whom she accused of all her misfortunes, and who, at the same hour, mad with terror, strangled herself in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie, where she had been thrown on the evening of the 9th Thermidor. Citoyenne Béguin was not more discreet; she knew, for certain, that Robespierre had determined to send to the guillotine all those who showed any interest in his sister. In these interrogatories, all the mysteries of the Duplay house were revealed—the frequent visits of Fouquier-Tinville to the 'Incorruptible'; the way in which were fabricated, in the family circle, the lists of the condemned; the daily relations entertained with some of the members

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of the jury of the revolutionary tribunals in Paris, in Arras, etc."

Charlotte saved her; "having renounced the heroic part, she exaggerated platitude." After a few days' imprisonment, finding herself penniless, she asked for an asylum at the house of a compatriot named Mathon. She asked the men of Thermidor, who had sent her brother to the guillotine, for a pension, in a petition in which she abused her brothers. The Committee of General Security decided that "the Citoyenne Robespierre, whom the tyrants had persecuted, deserved the confidence of good citizens and the protection of the constituted authorities. These were invited to give her the aid and assistance which the purest civism deserves, and which French loyalty ought to accord."

Charlotte's history ends here. She lived for forty years after the great catastrophes of the end of the eighteenth century. There must have been reasons for the continuance of her pension during this long time. The Thermidorians were pensioning the woman who had been a witness against her own brother, and had denounced him as a moral monster; but why did all succeeding Governments continue to pay her a pension of 2,000 francs? Was it a mere act of charity? Was it because she possessed secrets, and in order to purchase her silence concerning certain men and things? Many of the Terrorists and regicides became great personages in Napoleon's reign. Bonaparte himself had had occasion to meet Charlotte at Nice, when he was still an almost unknown officer of artillery. In her Memoirs, Charlotte Robespierre says that Fouché offered to marry her. "Fouché," she says, "was not handsome, but he had a charming manner and was extremely amiable. He spoke to me of marriage, and I confess that I had no repugnance to this tie, and was rather disposed to give my hand to a man whom my brother represented to me as a pure Democrat and his friend." Her pension was continued under the Bourbons, after the Restoration, and under Louis Philippe, after the Revolution of 1830. She lived, during her last years, in a house near the Jardin des Plantes, under an assumed name. She had in her room a lithographic portrait of her brother Maximilian, and, curiously enough, a miniature of Josephine Beauharnais. She died on the 1st of August, 1834, at the age of seventy-four. At the sale of her effects, the portrait of Robespierre went for two francs, and the medallion of Josephine for one franc. The sale netted 328 francs.

Correspondence.

WAR IS HELL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If your correspondent (p. 30, No. 1854) had signed himself "Humanity" instead of "Equity," there would have been more logic in his position. "War is always cruel," was the astute reply of President Loubet to ex-President Kruger when the latter made some reference to British cruelties. If one takes the ground that all war is indefensible, and that all that is done in war in destroying life and property is wrong, denunciation of some of the recent acts of British generals in South Africa would be at least consistent and intelligible. But there are very few who take that position, and it does not appear that soi-disant "Equity" is one of them. Under the generally accepted system of morals, even among civilized races, war, with all that it is known to imply, is not regarded as immoral, provided the cause is good. Moreover, under that same system of morals, the individuals who are deputed to conduct a war on behalf of their country are not regarded, even by those who may consider the war in question an unjustifiable one, as immoral or in any way reprehensible for their participation in the acts of war, provided these individual soldiers conduct the war, with all its inseparable cruelties, according to recognized and established usages.

Now, I submit that "Equity" is unjust in his attitude towards the British generals in South Africa. No act of theirs has been reported which was contrary to the recognized usage of so-called civilized warfare. Gen. P. H. Sheridan, in his day's report of October 7, 1864, to Gen. U. S. Grant, after describing the devastating of the farms in a large section by his orders, says: "Lieut. John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisburg near Dayton. For this atrocious act all the houses within an area of five miles were burned." I quote this merely as an instance on which I can readily lay my hand. All of us who are old enough can remember similar military acts in the wars of 1866 between Prussia and Austria, and of 1870 between Germany and France. The treatment of the francs-tireurs by the Germans in France was much discussed at the time, and was generally admitted to be a necessary measure on the part of the invaders, and to be permissible under the generally accepted rules of war. In the present South African war great forbearance and a generous interpretation of the rules of war on the part of the British generals have been necessitated by the unusual circumstance that the army opposing them was not uniformed. And this forbearance has been frequently exemplified. The recent burning of farm steadings has been resorted to only after due warning that hostile acts by non-combatants in territory evacuated by the Boer army, or by paroled combatants, would be so punished. In this policy, and in the execution of it, the British generals have been, not more, but less "cruel" than is customary in like circumstances.

If your correspondent is one who considers all war wrong and regards all who take part in it as criminals, and therefore feels impelled to protest against any and all of the cruel essentials of war, we have not the same ground of dispute with him, particularly if he will drop the name of Equity and call himself Pity—or, say, Quaker.

This protest is written by one who can sign himself ALMOST A QUAKER.

January 13, 1901.

LONGFELLOW AT BOWDOIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The catalogue of a collection of first editions of American authors, to be sold at auction in New York city the last of this month, prints a considerable portion of an autograph letter of Hon. Stephen Longfellow and asserts that it refers to the poet Henry W. Longfellow, at that time an undergraduate in Bowdoin College. As custodian of the Faculty records of that period, I beg permission to inform the public through your columns that the poet was not under college censure at any time during his course, and that the reference in the letter cited above is to another person.—Respectfully, GEO. T. LITTLE.

Bowdoin College, January 15, 1901.

Notes.

In the Dent-Macmillan "Temple Classics" we have to note the completion of F. S. Ellis's English version of the 'Romance of the Rose,' in three volumes; Macaulay's Essays in five; and Vasari's 'Lives of the Painters' in eight. These three titles show well enough the range of this companionable series, notable for the quality of editorial selection as well as execution in detail; but we can also name among recent issues 'Ivanhoe' in two volumes, Mrs. Mitford's 'Our Village,' and La Motte Fouqué's 'Sintram.' Almost all of these are illustrated, and each has its charming bookplate.

Cooper's 'Pathfinder' appears in a compressed but comely and legible reissue in one volume, bearing Macmillan's imprint. There are twelve full-page pen-and-ink drawings by Charles E. Brock, sufficient both as decoration and as illustration.

Four years ago we bestowed merited commendation on W. Garrett Horder's 'Treasury of American Sacred Song' (Henry Frowde). In the new edition which has just appeared, we observe that our criticism, in quite unimportant particulars, has been heeded, and it behooves us to apologize for having misspelt his name. We need say no more except to note that five additional authors have been drawn upon, viz., the Rev. Henry van Dyke, Lloyd Mifflin, Mrs. Annie Adams Fields, Martha Gilbert Dickinson (who now keeps company with her famous aunt), and Mary Gardiner Brainard (niece of J. G. C. Brainard, but he not in this collection). Their biographies are duly affixed to the previous series.

The two volumes of Prof. Charles M. Andrews's 'Historical Development of Modern Europe, from the Congress of Vienna to the Present Time, 1815-1897' (Putnams), have been combined in one with their separate pagination, and dubbed "Student's Edition." As it is, however, a straightaway narrative, without notes or apparatus except maps and index, the general public should not be warned off. We have already expressed a critical judgment of this work.

Our readers will remember that, a little more than two years ago, Mr. J. G. Frazer of Trinity College, Cambridge, published a translation of Pausanias's Description of Greece, with an elaborate commentary—the whole filling six stately volumes. He now, under the title 'Pausanias, and Other Greek Sketches' (Macmillan), has reprinted the introduction to his large work, omitting all learned apparatus, together with nearly a hundred of the longer and more independent descriptions of his commentary, averaging a little more than two pages in length, and his article on Pericles in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' The book is not for archæologists, but for the ordinary reader of culture. It gives little information about excavations and their results, and omits the description of the prehistoric fortress Gla in Bœotia,

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perhaps as too technical. The style is lively and pleasant, avoiding alike the condensation of a guidebook or an encyclopædia and the prolixity of many books of travel. From no other book can the reader gain with less effort so clear a general idea of the plain of Marathon, the fall of the Styx, and other less-known places, and he will learn incidentally a good deal about Greek life. Many a traveller who has been in Athens, but has not journeyed in the interior of Greece, will be surprised to learn of the variety of the scenery of the kingdom. The book will encourage excursions in Greece, not merely by specialists, but by all who like to travel where the greatest variety of grand and of gentle scenery, and unusual conditions of life, are seen in the smallest compass. Within a few years, Greece is likely to become a favorite with ordinary tourists. As yet, comparatively few have learned how easy and attractive a trip through the little kingdom has become.

Ginn & Co. have produced a facsimile of the famous 'New England Primer' from an edition of 1785-1790 in Mr. G. A. Plimpton's remarkable collection of school-books. Only a single leaf—the last—has had to be supplied in ordinary type set by hand. The whole affair is a matter for the vest pocket.

'The American Art Annual' (Boston: Noyes, Platt & Co.) appears in its third volume under the editorial supervision of Florence M. Levy. The principal new features are a directory of architects and of art teachers, the list of artist members of the Fine Arts Federation of New York, and the tabulating of bequests and gifts, prizes and scholarships of the year. The 'Annual,' with its record of important sales, exhibitions, and art organizations, becomes every year more valuable. The proof-reading of the present volume is regrettably deficient.

We have received from Mrs. Jonas Gilman Clark a quarto volume commemorative of her late husband (1815-1900), the founder of Clark University, at Worcester, Mass. In spite of a somewhat meagre biographical sketch, it is clear that Mr. Clark's life was marked by no little variety, dealing with both coasts of the American continent, and with a considerable period of residence in New York. His pedigree, like his public spirit, was characteristically New England. He was in sympathy with the abolitionists, and he owed no small part of his fortune to faith in the country's future, and therefore financial credit, in the dark days of the civil war. In all that is quoted from his own lips about the aim of his university foundation there is a noticeable vagueness, only incidentally dispelled in some of the obituary articles of the press. A portrait of Mr. Clark accompanies the volume.

The *Praktika* (or Reports) of the Archæological Society of Athens for the year 1899, which has just appeared, gives a succinct account of the work which the Society accomplished during that year. Excavations were conducted on the northern slope of the hill of Colonus, where graves were found of the sixth or fifth century B. C., near Eretria, with a trace of the temple of Amarysian Artemis; at the Piræus, with interesting discoveries of details with regard to the war-harbor at Athens; at Platæa, at Thermon, at Thermopylæ, at Epidaurus, and elsewhere. The longest report, of more than twenty pages, has to do with the pass of Thermopylæ, and seems more thorough than any preceding discussion of that district. Much less space than has been usual in these Reports is devoted to routine business, and the pamphlet is filled with matter of scientific interest. Appended to the reports are two plans of the Stoa of Attalus at Athens, before and after the excavations of 1898-1899, and six phototypes of the ruins at the sanctuary of Asclepius at Epidaurus, including the gymnasium and the odeum.

A few weeks ago, men engaged in sponge-fishery brought to Athens a fragment of an ancient statue, and offered to the Minister of Education, on condition of a suitable reward, to show where a whole shipload of such objects lay beneath the water. After some inquiry, the Navy Department of Greece sent a boat to investigate and to aid in the recovery of the works of art. About the middle of last month the boat returned to the Piræus, with the information that the sunken treasures lay thirty fathoms deep, close to a rocky islet, not very far from the island of Cythera, off the Spartan coast. They are so near the shore that the boat which was sent did not venture to approach close enough to be of real service, and in the rough December weather the divers accomplished little. Two headless statues and many fragments, including the bronze head of a boxer, which is said to resemble that in Rome, have been brought to Athens, and more definite arrangements are to be made for the rescue of what remains in the sea. To judge from this account a ship bearing works of art was at some time wrecked on this island, but when this happened, and whither the ship was bound, no one knows. The memory of such a disaster had been wholly lost.

The recent death of Maulvi Imadud-din closes a noteworthy career. He was the lineal descendant of the Sassanian King Nausherwan the Just, of Persia. In the line were four renowned Mohammedan saints, whose names and shrines are now objects of reverence and places of pilgrimage. Educated by the best masters of his time, he became at an early age himself a master in Islam, so that he took a leading part in the famous discussion of Dr. Pfander and Mr. (afterwards Bishop) French with Mohammedans at Agra. In 1866, when forty-four years of age, he publicly avowed his belief in Christianity, and was baptized. It is a remarkable fact that two other of the four upholders of the Moslem faith in that discussion followed his example. Although offered a high Government position, he preferred to take orders, and for the remaining thirty-four years of his life he ministered to the church at Amritsar, in which he was baptized. "Great as a preacher," says the Punjab paper from which we derive this account, "as a writer he was greater still. The mere enumeration of his books would fill some pages." They were works dealing with every type and phase of Mohammedan controversy, which found their way to lands as far apart as Java and Montenegro, and writings intended for the instruction of Christians. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him from Lambeth, *honoris causa*, as a unique tribute and recognition of his great services and attainments. We do not recall any other instance in our days of the conversion of a Mohammedan of such high rank to Christianity.

The principal subject in the Consular Reports for January is the coal crisis in Europe and the consequent increased demand for American coal. There is also a report of a Committee on Commercial Education in Scotland which is of general interest. The need of improvement, it affirms, is due mainly to the extraordinary development of business and the expansion of international commerce within the last two generations; the changing conditions and methods of conducting business arising out of this; and the commercial rivalry of Continental nations and America. Certain defects in elementary education, as the inability of boys entering offices to compose a letter properly, are pointed out; the necessity of the better teaching of the modern languages is urged; and the suggestion is made that faculties of commerce should be established in the universities to enable commercial education to take its proper place in the educational system. The possibility of a great increase in the gold product of the world in the near future is shown from the report of an American mining-engineer on the quartz-mining district of Sarela, Central Siberia. He says that the present product of the Russian empire, $25,000,000 per year, is almost entirely placer gold, and that the methods for working the deposits have undergone no improvement for fifty years, while the quartz veins, which in some places are extraordinarily rich, are entirely undeveloped.

It appears from the Annual Register of the American Mathematical Society that no less than twenty-two members of the society are women. This is a very remarkable showing. When it is remembered that it is only a very few years since it was firmly believed by nearly every one that the structure of a woman's brain forbade her studying the higher mathematics, and also that no subjects ever come before this society for consideration which are not such as would have caused to stand on end, a few years ago, the hair of nearly every American man, let alone the American woman, the perfect cordiality and friendliness with which women are now received into all learned societies in this country may be taken as showing that American men, at least, are ceasing to deserve the epithet of the Unfair Sex. Of this Mathematical Society a woman, Professor Scott, is a member of the council. Of more than one scientific society a woman has already been president. Women may well begin to think that for them, in this country, the millennium is well on its way.

To judge by a very temperate and sensible article of Prof. Adolfo Posada, in *La España Moderna*, Spain may still hope for a moral reconquest of the colonies she has dominated and driven to revolt. At the Hispano-American Conference in Spain, which met on November 10, 1900, she was undeniably forced to eat a certain amount of humble-pie, but, like the friends of Col. Newcome, the young republics turned away their faces while she gobbled her portion, and then lavished words of affection upon the common motherland. The sense of the American States was that they were free—for ever free—but well disposed, and desirous of proclaiming themselves "in solidarity with their own history." Señor Sierra, delegate from Mexico, who seems to have expressed the feelings of the Americans most tellingly, regards the Latin and Germanic tendencies as all but irreconcilable; he looks forward to interminable conflicts

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between the race which views "the action of the individual as a means of realizing social solidarity," and that Saxon type which "looks upon society as a means of reinforcing individual action." Of course, it is easier to forgive and forget when the actors in the original tragedy are long dead and gone, but Spain is distinctly apologetic; she wishes the republics clearly to understand that she is no longer "Spain the rival, Spain the mistress, Spain the traditional," but means to be "Spain the liberal, the progressive, the *European*." The governing classes of the past and their blindness have been responsible for policies of domination and isolation; they are gone, and Spain is not so black as she is painted. Passing over the details of the Conference, already noted in these columns, we find that its general object was the creation of intra-racial sympathy through conformity to common forms of language, education, commercial methods, etc. In short, emphasis was laid on all the essentials that make for racial assimilation, save a common religion and privilege of intermarriage—which, in the nature of the case, needed no attention. We may even find traces of hostility to ex-Latin nations and a disposition to retain group-advantages for group-use. Best of all, Posada says, Spain has been forced to think of the Americans and know them; both sides seem to believe that they have become reacquainted with exceptionally fine people.

—'The Civilization of the East' is the English title of a tiny volume in the Temple Primers series, translated by J. H. Loewe from the German of Dr. Fritz Hommel (London: Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan). It covers approximately the same area and the same period covered by Maspero's monumental work, viz., Western Asia, with Egypt, from the dawn of history to the middle or end of the fifth century B. C. It is a handy, interesting book, and, on the whole, a useful compendium of what is known of the histories of those countries during that period. On the reader who has not followed the discoveries of the last twenty-five years and their interpretation, the perusal of this brief sketch will produce an impression of astonishment at the amount which has been learned in that time and the extent to which our geographical horizon has been extended. Ancient Oriental history is no longer a record of Egyptian, Babylonian, and Assyrian civilization, much less a history of Israel, Persia, and Greece. We read of powerful kingdoms in Elam, Armenia, Asia Minor, and Arabia playing an important rôle, influencing the development of religion and civilization, contending for hegemony, and at times securing it. Nor is the West without its share in the history of the civilization of the East. Not alone Egypt, but Palestine and Syria also are affected by the invasions of peoples from the islands and coasts of the West, barbarians from the point of view of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Canaanites, who bear to them the same relation which, at a later time, the Normans bore to the seaboard peoples of Southern Europe. Unfortunately, as in most of Dr. Hommel's books, theories, often acute and suggestive, it is true, are too frequently presented as facts. This is especially true of those portions of the work which deal with the earlier periods. For instance, it is here stated as a fact that "the West Semitic alphabet, commonly called the Phœnician," was invented "about the year 2000" and "handed down to the Greeks towards the end of the second millennium" by Phœnician colonists. All that we really know is, that as late as the fourteenth century B. C., the Phœnicians were using, for some purposes at least, the cuneiform script, while the earliest inscriptions in the so-called Phœnician alphabet which we possess do not antedate 1000 B. C. The names of a number of the old Babylonian kings assume a somewhat new and unfamiliar shape in Dr. Hommel's transcriptions. His chronology of the earlier period is also different from any hitherto presented; but, in the present state of uncertainty, it is, perhaps, inevitable that each man should have his own chronology. While thankful to Dr. Hommel for many of the suggestions in this little book, it seems to us that such a popular condensation should record established facts rather than private speculations. The only map in the book, a "map of the lands of the Bible," is sketchy and incorrect to a degree.

—It is a safe assertion that Caxton's 'Golden Legend' is the most comprehensive hagiological book of the fifteenth century. However his work may be related to the original 'Historia Lombardica' of Jacobus de Voragine—who was a meritorious and conscientious compiler, too, according to his lights—through the legends in French, in English, and in Latin which he used, he undoubtedly showed in it that independence which characterized him generally, and labored studiously towards completeness and orderliness. So he produced a book which is a necessity for the student of mediæval life, and even, from the background it gives, for every reader of Chaucer who cares to understand what he reads. Its claim, too, might be put on the broader basis of its own fascination and picturesqueness, and there may even be some left who, like its first genderer, the worthy Archbishop of Genoa, and its second or third father, William Caxton, will find it a book unto edification and spiritual profit. All these must thank Mr. Frederick S. Ellis that he has reëdited it in Dent's "Temple Classics" (New York: Macmillan). The present seven charming little volumes are practically a reproduction in modern spelling of his earlier sumptuous edition, which was printed by William Morris at the Kelmscott Press. The equipment in this new form is generally good. There are two excellent indices, and each volume has a fitting frontispiece by Miss Emily Ford, and a fairly satisfactory glossary. But in the glossary to the first volume there is a very strange blunder, not found in the Kelmscott edition. In its glossary we read, in explanation of Nebuzar-adan, "The title of Nebuzar-adan, as given in the Hebrew, is 'chief of the slayers,' which the English translators, following the Vulgate, understand as 'slayers of men,' and so interpret the name as 'captain of the guard.' But in the Septuagint, Nebuzar-adan is taken to be 'chief of the slayers of beasts,' hence [in Caxton, I. p. 164 of this edition] the title of 'prince of the cooks.'" That is perfectly correct, but in the glossary here, we are most perversely told, "This name [*i. e.*, Nebuzar-adan] means literally, in the Hebrew (II. Kings, xxv. [v. 8]) 'chief of the slayers,'" *etc.;* which is better than anything the Little Minister ever got from "the original Hebrew." Of course the *name* Nebuzar-adan is Assyrian, and to be translated "Nebo has given seed"; the *title* which follows immediately means 'chief of the slayers,' and either of beasts or of men.

—The bit of confusion which the note further attempts to explain is a very curious one. But some points in the tangle seem certain. First, that neither Jacobus de Voragine nor Caxton had any connection with the Septuagint, nor did they know anything about a Latin version of the Septuagint, and so could not have followed it. Their Latin Bible was their Bible; beyond it their horizon did not go. But, second, that Latin Bible, originally translated from the Hebrew by Jerome, had become in many places grievously corrupted from the Old Latin, a translation from the Septuagint in use before that of Jerome. Apparently, then, in this passage, in the text or texts used by De Voragine and Caxton—or their sources—this reading from the Old Latin appeared. It seems likely, too, that the same sense lies behind "car il estoit prince des gueux," the reading in the French text which Caxton is supposed to have followed. The note upon which this is a super-annotation is the only one of any length which Mr. Ellis gives, and it is a pity that it should have fared so ill. It is only right to add that the text itself seems to be most trustworthy, and to have been edited with scrupulous care.

—It is a weakness in some archæological, or otherwise scientific, travellers to think that the general public will not hear anything calling for the least effort of the brain, but must be entertained with descriptions of scenery of the most intolerable length and dulness, with vapid and narrow comments, in words of one syllable and ideas of less, on the national and individual characteristics they meet, and with tales of the woes of the traveller, faced and outfaced by the extortionate innkeeper, the too intelligent native, and the lively insect. And the same scientists seem in the delusion that the public really wants all this tangle of words that lead to nothing. Anthony Wilkin's 'Among the Berbers of Algeria' (Cassell & Co.) is a case in point, but with redeeming features. Mr. Wilkin is evidently a competent anthropologist and has the right scientific spirit. He is very apologetic for the bits of anthropology in study of the Berbers and their works generally which have insisted on staying in his book. The fact is that the book, apart from them, would be unspeakably dull, lacking vitality enough to hang together. It were well if he would take this to heart. The more scientific he is, and the harder he rides his hobby, the better his reader will be pleased. We like to hear how he measured the skulls of a whole village and what he thinks of the origin and nature of the Berber race in its divisions, and of the Arabs in their very different way. His *obiter dicta*, even, when within his own sphere, have salt and flavor. The anti-Semitic situation in Algeria, too, is a "live" subject, but the traveller's talk and padding are leather and prunella of the shabbiest. Further, his sociological observations would be of more value if they had been reached through a better linguistic knowledge; but since he started with no Berber or Arabic, and with a French that was shaky in its "tutoyer," a *caveat lector* is called for. Geographically, too, Mr. Wilkin is to be taken cautiously. The map which he used must have been of a quite astonishing badness. We have consulted five, two English, one American, and two

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German, on the elusive Lake Hodna. Of these, only one, that in Black's Atlas, gives it frankly and bluely as if it were an ordinary lake. The others all indicate, diversely but sufficiently, that it is more or less a salt marsh and of variable size. Again, without defending the anti-Semitic attitude of the French population of Algeria, it is well to remember how rapidly the Jews there are increasing. It is only recently that the French birth-rate rose above the death-rate, while the Jews have from forty-three to fifty-seven births in the thousand, with twenty-four to twenty-eight deaths. One of the best features of the book is the numerous photographs. They are all original and some are excellent. The reproduction is exceptionally good.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore. By Basil Champneys. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan Co. 2 vols., 8vo.

The practice now prevalent in historiography, whereby a student, endowed with the single faculty of patient diligence, devotes himself to a particular subject, digs up everything accessible that has any bearing on it, and sets it all down in such shape as occurs to him, is having its effect upon biography. Some memoirs tempt the reader to inquire why, if they had to be constructed at all, it should be on such a scale, and why not by somebody else. It is possible to lose perspective and write around a topic with the result of obscuration. Of a certain type of orator it has been said that "you could hear him better if he were not so loud"; and so, about some men and things, one might know more if less were told. 'The Angel in the House' illustrated all the domestic virtues, won no little popularity, and led some to consider its author a genius. He enjoyed in early life the intimacy of Tennyson; he was a friend or correspondent of Browning, Ruskin, Carlyle, the Preraphaelites, and other eminences, some of whom professed to rate his verses very high. He was doubtless an amiable, honorable, and cultivated man; yet the strongest impression given by these volumes is of his earnest religiousness and his entire satisfaction with the ways of the Church of Rome, to which he was admitted when past forty.

Coventry Kearsey Dighton Patmore was born July 23, 1823: this book does not enable us to confirm or correct the cyclopædia statement that it was at Woodford, Essex. Except for six months in 1839-1840 at a school in France, where he was not happy, he was "educated at home" and on his own plan. Being capable and studious, he early learned a good deal of chemistry, mathematics, and art, as well as letters, and gained, as he said, much more knowledge than he would have acquired in the usual ways, but less mental discipline. This fact may account for some of his peculiarities: he was always an independent, self-made sort of person. His father was an agnostic and a man of letters in a small way, with a circle of friends that was of some use to the son; but by becoming financially involved, he left England "secretly and suddenly" in 1845, and his children were thrown on their own resources. Except for the brief period of stringency which followed, the poet's life was happy and prosperous. By the kindness of Milnes (Lord Houghton) he obtained in 1846 a place in the British Museum, which he kept for twenty years, or till he no longer needed it. During this period he wrote much for the reviews. His first book of verse had appeared in 1844; we need not quarrel with his later opinion of it, which was not high, but it brought a long letter from Bulwer, who found in it "unmistakable testimonials of no common genius." Another volume was published in 1853, and 'The Angel,' in four parts, in 1854-63. Tennyson wrote him, "You have begun an immortal poem"; but Patmore complained of "the total silence of the press about the 'Espousals.'" It was perhaps a more important service which he did to literature early in 1850 in recovering the manuscript of 'In Memoriam'—"a long, butcher-ledger-like book," left behind by the author "in a closet in which he kept his tea and bread and butter. The landlady assured me that no such book had been left there, and objected to my going to see; but I insisted, and, pushing by her, ran upstairs and found the manuscript." Patmore regarded Tennyson as his closest friend, and "used to follow him about like a dog"; but soon after this they were severed by a trivial misunderstanding. The biographer thinks that there was "growing mutual alienation, combined with some degree of strain upon their original relations." The smaller poet thought the greater was writing himself out, that "the earlier [poems] were Tennyson, and the later ['The Princess' and 'Maud'] Tennysonian." At this rate—*i. e.*, on supposed equal terms intellectually—their old relations plainly could not last.

Of his Museum experience Patmore wrote: "I did a good deal more than the average work; yet, during my twenty years of service, I may say that I read tens of thousands of books." If the tens were but two, that made a thousand a year, or about three a day; pretty rapid work, even if he had not been otherwise busy. He meant "looking into" them, which is not exactly reading. More nearly accurate, perhaps, is his "conclusion, that, of the forty miles of shelves in the Museum, forty feet would contain all the real literature of the world." That estimate, we fear, would exclude many poems and most of the longer Memoirs.

Apart from his own books, the chief events of his life were three marriages, in 1847, 1864, and 1881, and his reception into the Church of Rome—it was by no means a sudden conversion—in 1864. He lived mainly in London till 1866, when he bought a country place in Essex and turned farmer. From 1874 till 1891 he had a handsome house on the coast, at Hastings. His last years were spent at Lymington in Hampshire, and there he died, November 26, 1896. One abode, one way of life, a single occupation, did not content him; he liked variety. Through all his changes he had love, honor, troops of friends; and doubtless he deserved them. Of smaller men and worse poets there have been far more than of those bigger and better than he. Not the least valuable part of these volumes is the sixteen pages of his autobiography, recording his religious experience. For his first eleven years he "neither knew nor cared whether there was a God or no." To the age of five his mother made him say the Lord's Prayer and a hymn; then his father "forbade her thus to interfere with my freedom of intellect." For five or six years after that, his devotions were omitted, except once, when, "my nurse having provoked me greatly by some real or imaginary ill-usage, I knelt and prayed with much fervor that she might hate me as I hated her; for I could imagine no more terrific punishment for her than that." At eleven or twelve, chancing on a devotional book, he felt "a torrent of light and joy," a brief ecstasy, which left a minute and latent germ of faith and "a habitual discontent with the unideal condition of the world within and without me." At sixteen a precociously hopeless passion found a pathetic vent in "praying more than once with torrents of tears that the young lady might be happy, especially in marriage, with whomsoever it might be." Then he took refuge in poetry, as before in science. Now "angels spoke from time to time to me, as they do to all"; he began to have visions and revelations. While preparing a tragedy, his impressions deepened and widened. Yet his "religious life was an utter solitude"; "none of my family or friends ever went to church"; they were all Gallios. At nineteen this changed, with a visit to relatives in Edinburgh, pious members of the Free Kirk. Here friends told him that "an eminent Christian, such as I aspired to be, ought to be able to make extemporaneous prayer aloud, for the benefit of his company." He tried it and failed lamentably: "This meat was too strong for me." Then he went home and read Strauss; it moved him not. By and by he was confirmed—though this is not in the autobiography. As he grew older, "a simple sense of reality led me at first to the exclusive use of ancient Catholic books of devotion, and afterwards to abandon, as almost useless, all moral and theological writings which were not Catholic." He excepts Butler's 'Analogy,' the only good thing that ever came out of the Protestant Nazareth.

Patmore was one of those for whom all paths lead to Rome. No external influence led him thither, but a steady inward drawing. Yet his outward submission was long delayed, chiefly through tender regard for the wife of his youth, the heroine of his chief work. She had a Puritan's horror of the Pope: "A few days before she died, she said to me with tears, 'When I am gone, they will get you; and then I shall see you no more.'" In thus procrastinating he thought himself unsafe, perhaps guilty, not having her excuse of invincible ignorance. More secular minds may honor his respect for her gracious memory, which helped to postpone for nearly two years the step she had abhorred.

His later experiences on this line are hardly for Protestant appreciation. From a certain standpoint, doubt is the devil's chief work: no shadow of this worst of woes ever troubled him again. But in 1877 he rose to a higher state of grace by correcting a previously deficient affection and reverence for the B. V. M. and making a pilgrimage to Lourdes, which he twice afterwards repeated. Yet, however thorough a convert, he remained his own man. He accepted Roman doctrines because they suited him, and he had held out long after another would have yielded. He found the Eternal City worse than uninteresting at first (March, 1864), though two months later it was "by far the most religious and the least canting place I have ever seen." Later, when he was working up his 'Odes': "I have now read theology for four hours a day for five months. I am getting rather muzzy-pated with it. It

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is like living on brandy and soda-water. . . ." This prodigious dose of divinity has made me feel half-chloroformed." The following, however satisfactory to the emancipated, could hardly please the conservative of any school:

"I have been reading Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall' with great pleasure and admiration. Nine-tenths of what people of all 'denominations' shriek at him for is simply true. His sneers are almost always at priests, not religion. His sketch of the progress of Christianity in the first three centuries is the only piece of ecclesiastical history I have ever found interesting, or indeed intelligible."

Patmore's opinions were his own, whether any one else shared them or no. W. M. Rossetti says that Patmore, setting Burns above Tennyson, "instanced, as a line of unsurpassable beauty, 'With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,'" which recalls F. W. Robertson's jest on genial critics: "As the poet beautifully remarks, 'She did so.'" This, to be sure, was in 1849; but throughout life Patmore's dicta went on in the same free, large, random, hit-or-miss style. Bacon's philosophy was "as base as his life"; Longfellow wrote some good lines and "heaps of slush"; Crashaw, of whom Patmore knew little till 1881, produced in "Music's Duet" "perhaps the most wonderful piece of word-craft ever done"; Robert Bridges—or perhaps any other poet—could hardly be recognized "when alternately stretched and cramped on the Procustes' bed of the sonnet"; Henry James "is incomparably the greatest living writer of fiction." With some of these judgments one may agree; but then his son, who died at twenty-two, "had he lived, would probably have reached the very highest place among contemporary English poets," and he himself was "the only poet of the generation, except Barnes, who has steadily maintained a literary conscience." On meeting Miss Byles, who became his second wife, he wrote, "I had never before beheld so beautiful a personality," though her predecessor, to whom he was devoted, and whom he most sincerely mourned, had been noted for beauty of person, mind, and character. As his biographer is forced to admit, his superlatives express "enthusiasm rather than comparison." That habit never left him.

His coreligionists, he thought, cared less for his poetry than did others. Yet Manning, as early as 1855, had recognized not only its purity and chivalry, but "a predominance of imagination over fancy," and "of the intelligence over the imagination." His self-estimate had liberal backing from friends. Thus "H., who is one of the most sober, cultivated, and severe of critics, says that 'The Unknown Eros' surpasses, in weight of matter and loftiness and perfection of style, all the poetry of the past generation, and is as secure as any book ever written of becoming a permanent British classic." Also, "Ruskin writes that 'no living human being' has ever done anything that has helped him so much as the Odes!" These Odes (1877-78), though the public neglected them, were, Patmore thought, his best verse-work, as they were his last. The last was always the best—till it was in type; then, "all the meaning and beauty I fancied I saw in them seems to have vanished," and he fears he may be "nothing but a miserable, self-deluded poetaster." That is a happy touch of nature; but where is the truth between the two extremes?

Mr. Champneys has handled his voluminous material by sections, which are mainly topical rather than chronological, so that you may look for the same thing in half-a-dozen places; the result is something of a jungle. There is an index of twenty pages, but it does not always aid the inquirer: who can "spot" every allusion in innumerable letters, fragments, and aphorisms? There are chapters on "Principles and Ideals," "The Church," etc., which may make fine reading for a Patmore Society. The book as it stands appeals chiefly to Patmorites, if there be such; but, with some slight concrete additions from without, it affords stuff to be boiled down into a briefer and continuous account of the man and his work in some future series of literary biographies.

WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

William Herschel and His Work. By James Sime. Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, pp. 265.

Before Herschel the Great, astronomy had consisted almost exclusively in measuring the positions of the stars, at different times, relative to one another and to the earth, and in searching out and testing hypotheses to explain their motions. The most important exception to this statement is that, as early as Ptolemy, at least, some astronomer—we may, for several reasons, guess it was a Babylonian—divided the visible fixed stars into six magnitudes, which were then further subdivided by affixing "greater" and "less" to their ordinal numbers. This is one of the most important facts in the history of science, for the reason that when the light of the stars came to be measured, several millennia later, it was found that there was a mathematical relation between the ordinal numbers of the magnitudes and the intensity of the light sufficiently accurate to form the basis of a mathematical mode of reasoning—a discovery which came almost too late to be of service in astronomy, but which may serve to assure us that direct estimates of differences of sensation of any kind will, under proper precautions, have sufficient objectivity to form the foundation for an exact science. The only other exceptions worth mentioning were Galileo's telescopic discoveries, and a small body of observations relating to the surfaces of the sun and moon. The old astronomy probably never can cease to be the crown of science, as having been the most efficient factor in the development of man's scientific intelligence; but its living importance is already beginning to cede to that of the new astronomy, which applies photometry, photography, spectroscopy, bolometry, polariscopy, and physics generally, to the study of the stellar universe.

The new generation justly regard Sir William Herschel as the father of the New Astronomy. It was he who first compared the spectra of the different stars; it was he who first made careful and definite observations upon the relative lustre of a great number of stars; it was he who first made a great telescope and showed, in the most masterly manner, all the uses to which it could be put; it was he who first proved the motion of the solar system as a whole; it was he who first showed that observation could discover the structure of the galactic cluster; it was he who first produced evidence of the variation of our climate with that of the frequency of sun-spots; it was the survey begun by him and completed by his son which discovered, and furnished us with tolerably accurate descriptions of by far the greater part of all the nebulæ known to-day; it was he who showed how to apply those observations to speculation upon the evolution of the universe; it was he who first undertook to survey the entire heavens systematically and with practicable thoroughness; it was he who first taught man to contemplate the heavens with an eye of discernment.

The greatness of the man and his enormous originality are proved by the fact that it is only within the last third of the last century that astronomers generally have recognized the importance of his work; and we have to thank many of his contemporaries in the astronomical world for demonstrating how far he shot above them by kindly recording, for the benefit of posterity, their own assified opinions of his results. The man who to-day has spent a lifetime in elaborating an exacter or wiser method in some branch of science still in the hands of fogies (as such branches there still are) will find a warming cordial in those contemporary criticisms of William Herschel.

One may be sure that a man of such achievement was a wonderfully real personality, with more life in him than other men, who seem mere shadows by his side. It may be doubted whether, among all his contemporaries, there was any except Napoleon Bonaparte to be compared with him in force of personality. He would have made the most splendid subject for a biographer of the first order, were it not that the greater part of his waking hours during his active years were spent with his eye glued to the telescope, or with his hands to the grinding-tool, so that his sister had to put the food into his mouth. What was his origin? Mr. Sime, who is one of that great tribe of biographers who are a little timid about the truth, tells us that his family was a "sturdy Protestant stock"; but it is easy to recognize in the name, from the Old High German *hêr*, "superior," one of those magnificent appellatives which are affected by our Semitic cousins; and when we find that grandfather Abraham Herschel begot Isaac, who begot Jacob, Sir William's eldest brother, we hardly need to be told more. The family, however, became Protestant, and emigrated from Moravia to Saxony, in consequence of this change of religion. Sir William's father, Isaac, was nothing but a poor and prolific Capellmeister of the regiment of Royal Hanoverian Guards; and his wife was the simplest of Hanoverian peasants, unable to write a letter to her husband, and energetically opposed to all learning, down to the very multiplication-table, as a most dangerous and unpractical thing, subversive of orderly life. The father, however, was a man of ability and breadth, who would often sit up to the small hours in conversation with Friedrich Wilhelm, the little sister in bed in the room, catching from time to time the names of Leibniz and Euler. This father was also a born musician, as were all (except possibly one) of his children, and most of their posterity since. William was a very clever composer, and lacked nothing of having an artistic nature, except those defects of character and of temper which are understood to belong to the genius. Literary capacity distinctly appears in all his writings. He learned languages with great facility, being

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perfect in his French and English, without any regular schooling, and good in Italian and Latin. That he should have expressed a dislike for poetry on account of its untruthfulness, only goes to place him in the category of scientific minds of poetical tendencies, all of whom, from Plato down, have been more keenly sensible than other men of the dangers of poetry. Poets always liked him; and the very notes of observations which he would call out in dictation to his sister within, as he would stand at his telescope outside, with the thermometer perhaps toward zero, and his person carefully brought as near as possible to the temperature of the atmosphere, have, as Professor Holden has shown, their poetical breaks.

Capellmeister Isaac of course found Wilhelm a place in his band, and at the age of seventeen, about the beginning of 1756, they first went to England with the regiment. At the gloomy opening of the campaign of 1757, they were ordered into the field. The father's health had been pretty well broken in the former war with France (he had been at Fontenoy), and now that same Duke of Cumberland, again their commander, was defeated anew at Hastembeck. The mother, at this, insisted upon her "practical" view of the proper thing to be done, which was, that William should desert. This he accordingly did, and went to England so hurriedly that he was not even able to carry anything with him; and when his mother dispatched his things after him, she did not see fit to include his precious Locke's 'Essay concerning Human Understanding.' So there was the boy on a foreign shore, without acquaintances, almost without a penny, but with such a "go" in him that within ten years he occupied the lucrative post of organist of the Octagon Chapel in the fashionable city of Bath, conducted all the concerts at the rooms and the theatre, besides having a separate orchestra of his own of a hundred pieces, was overwhelmed with pupils, and, after seventeen hours of work daily, would go to bed to unbend his mind with Smith's 'Harmonics' or Maclaurin's 'Fluxions.'

Smith's 'Harmonics' led him to Smith's 'Optics,' and, finding his time hang heavy on his hands after the day's work would be done, he took to making himself telescopes in order that he might see what no mortal had seen before. Meantime, he was doing everything for the family in Hanover, and had found time, himself, to make the grand tour. At any rate, he had been as far as Italy. His elder brother, Jacob, was an eminent musician; but the other four were looked after by William. Sophia's five sons were provided with places as musicians at the English court. Another brother, Alexander, though an energetic man and good musician, lived much in William's house, and was pensioned by him. The remaining brother, Dietrich, also a musician, seems to have been almost supported by William, and received £2,000 by his will. The other sister, Carolina became William's astronomical assistant and a distinguished astronomer herself. He himself received from the astronomer-king, George III., for whom a major planet had been named, the first to be discovered in historic times, the munificent pension of £200, along with his pardon; and he bequeathed to his son, Sir John, two estates and about thirty thousand pounds. His lady was residuary legatee. This was pretty well done, for a man who had hardly given himself time to look nearer earth than the orbit of the Georgium Sidus. One of the most powerful intellects that the history of human science can show, with a musical and artistic temperament sufficient to give him a place in the history of that art, an administrator of such ability as to raise him from something like twenty shillings, with which he landed in England, to positive wealth by his own unaided efforts, he was certainly as well-rounded and well-vitalized a reality as any man need be, even in the age of the French Revolution.

Mr. Sime's biography is rather confused. It does not compare for an instant with another life of the same hero, published by the same house twenty years ago, which was a perfect gem of literary judgment and skill, and remarkable for the justice and knowledge of its scientific appreciations, being in fact the work of a leading astronomer, the Chevalier Holden—to call him by a title which, it is needless to say, he does not use. Mr. Sime has omitted some things which the earlier writer did not fail to make clear, has inserted a few items which his predecessor seems to have rejected as distracting details, has corrected one error, that Herschel's degree of LL.D. came from Oxford, though really from Edinburgh, and has made a nice padding of irrelevant matter, which is not bad reading when it does not too much embroil the essential facts. In this way, he has contrived to double the "reading-matter," very much at the expense of the literary quality of his book. We miss the charming portraits of the earlier volume.

The Great Boer War. By A. Conan Doyle. With six maps in colors. McClure, Phillips & Co.

It is certainly too near the events to get the proper perspective for an accurate and unbiassed history of the Boer war, especially while hostilities are still going on, even though they are in the guerilla stage, the last embers of a once furious flame soon to be stamped out, and when the documents which would clear up many doubtful points are yet unpublished. But it is satisfactory for those to whom the operations in South Africa have come in a fragmentary way, to have a good bird's-eye view of the year's warfare, with the details unified into a coherent and intelligible *ensemble;* and this is furnished by Conan Doyle. He served as a surgeon in one of the great hospitals, and, while modestly deprecating any pretension of giving an elaborate study of the war fortified by documents, does present a thoroughly readable account of the transactions in their bearings upon one another, with vivid and not highly colored pictures of battles, and with a discussion of the causes and probable outcome of the war, which, if from the standpoint of a sturdy advocate of the essential justice of the British side, is nevertheless moderate and generous in temper, judicial in praise and blame, and without a trace of rancor or mere partisanship.

The history, until it reaches the last tangles of the guerilla warfare in the Orange River Colony (or Orange Free State, as we used to know it), which is still the seat of these disturbances, and where the operations are of that minor type difficult to make interesting, is full of life and of enlightenment upon hitherto dark places. It relieves the British soldier from those suspicions of lack of sticking quality which have led some recent critics to declare that the English army had lost its ancient fighting fire. Dr. Doyle shows this criticism to be unjust as to the men, and, so far as bravery is concerned, as to the officers, although he makes many unfavorable comments upon the inability of the sort of officers, high and low, which the existing appointment system puts over better men, to recognize new conditions. As to the causes of the war, the author insists with much force that the match which enkindled the explosion, without which there would have been no other hostilities than those waged by tongue and pen, was not Rhodes's intrigues or Cabinet aspirations for empire, but the rejection by the Kruger Government of the entirely reasonable demands of the "Uitlanders," the settlers in the mining districts, for a larger participation in the administration of public affairs. Had the Boer rulers been possessed of an atom's appreciation of the inevitable requirements of a modern republic, they could, by a judicious extension of the franchise, have fortified their government in the hearts of these newcomers, of whom only a small majority had any desire to put the state into the British colonial system. There were Boers sufficiently sagacious to see this truth, but the majority, led by Kruger, readers of the letter of the Old Testament, and, like the Puritans of the sixteenth century, infatuated with the conviction that they were the modern children of Israel, foreordained to possess the earth and to overcome all unbelievers, not only brutally denied these petitions for rights, but intrigued and made elaborate preparations for the extension of their empire over the neighboring British colonies.

With regard to the military operations when hostilities were under way, it appears that the melancholy series of disasters which, in the autumn of 1899, carried dismay to English homes and legislative halls, were largely due to the tactics of generals blind to the revolution which long-range cannon and magazine-rifles in the hands of sharpshooters had wrought in modes of assault and defence. For the first month or two the attempts of the British generals to carry fortified Boer positions were made with solid columns moving against the enemy's front, where riflemen, lying behind rocks and ditches, made a special mark of the uniformed officers, the fatalities among colonels being distressingly great. At Colenso, in Natal, on the 15th of December, 1899, Gen. Buller sent brigades to the assault of fortified positions in quarter column, with no scouts to learn the ground and no skirmishers to precede the battle. So at Magersfontein, on the march to Kimberley, on the 10th of December, a similar dense column, moving through an unknown country in the dark night, stumbled into an intrenchment of the Boers protected by wire abbatis, and was hurled back in utter disorganization, as might be expected of the most valiant troops under such conditions. Two months of such blunders were a sufficient lesson, and, by the time Roberts came into the field with large reinforcements, the method of attack of which Gen. Sherman was so distinguished a master in the Georgia campaign of 1864, of extending the advancing lines around the

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flanks of the enemy and compelling him to fall back, was uniformly adopted, with the inevitable effect of neutralizing the elaborate strongholds of the Boers.

Some vigorous comments upon the new principles which ought to be adopted in British army organization are in the line of experience in other recent campaigns. There will be less attention given to the drill of keeping men in close touch, and much more time expended in teaching unerring marksmanship. Cavalry, with its ponderous burdens for the horse and its show swords, will become mounted infantry with the lightest possible amount of baggage. The rank and file must be better paid to entice into the service a higher order of intelligence. There is no discussion of the widely published accusations of the incompetence of the medical service of the army. The losses up to September last, when the book was written, were, in killed and died of wounds, 2,966; in deaths from disease, 5,621, while 29,166 invalids were sent home. Diet and weather are thus, as usual, shown to be the deadliest marksmen of warfare. That there was no want of tenacity in fighting is illustrated by Buller's loss, in the relief of Ladysmith, of more than 20 per cent. of his forces.

The Clergy in American Life and Letters. By Daniel Dulany Addison. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Addison's book does not compare favorably with Col. Higginson's 'Old Cambridge' and Mr. Swift's 'Brook Farm,' its predecessors in Mr. Woodberry's series of "National Studies in American Letters." In so far as it justifies its title, it does so much more because of its exhibition of the clergy in their relation to American life than in their relation to American letters. Indeed, as respects the latter, the outcome of Mr. Addison's study is almost nil, seeing to how slight an extent his clergy shine as men of letters. This is partly the fault of the clergy, but partly Mr. Addison's, so little has he addressed himself to the literary elements in the clerical development, so little stress has he laid upon the distinctive literary qualities of one clergyman or another. It must be confessed that the amount of pure literature produced by American clergymen, as such, has not been conspicuously large. Our impression is that much more of it has been the work of unfamed men than of the famous sort. The sermon of which nothing is known beyond the parish bounds has often a distincter literary character than the sermons of Brooks or Beecher or Parker. But it would be easily possible to indicate a body of prose literature, and to make a collection of verse written by clergymen in pursuance of a congenial avocation, of which there is but slight suggestion in Mr. Addison's pages, but which would be highly creditable. On the side of verse, Mr. Stedman's 'American Anthology' is an instructive illustration.

The division of Mr. Addison's book is into four chapters of a general character, "The Clergy in American Life," "Early Writers and Historians," "Poetry and Romance," and "Denominational Literature," and six chapters on as many different men. The first suggests the question whether the clergy are making good the promise of their colonial days. Many of them of late have seemed to be the merest echoes of the more strenuous politicians, and to be particularly ingenious in the discovery of pious phrases wherewith to gloze abominable deeds. There have been like things before now, and Mr. Addison is far too lenient in his dealing with the conduct of the clergy during the anti-slavery conflict. Garrison's construction may have been too stern, but it was far juster than this saccharine apology. It is a pity that Mr. Addison's self-imposed conditions did not permit him to dwell upon Jonathan Edwards. One such passage as Edwards's description of his elect lady, Sarah Pierrepont, would have been convincing of his literary quality. The list of later clerical historians includes Jacob and John S. C. Abbott, but not Jared Sparks. To say of O. B. Frothingham that "literature claimed his most serious work" would be a gross mistake if his sermons had not had a noble literary form. It will be news to many that an "exaggeration of the importance of details" was a defect of his work. Too little care for them was his most serious fault. Is it because Col. Higginson still lives that he is not mentioned with the historians? With many others he illustrates that clerical apprenticeship to literature of which Mr. Addison makes but the scantiest note. Hence merely casual references to Emerson, who was still a Unitarian minister when he published 'Nature' in 1836, and gave the "Divinity School Address" in 1838. Hence, coming to poetry, entire omission of such notable poems as those written by Cranch and Dwight and Wasson. Any mention of hymn-writers which omits the name of Samuel Johnson fails of completeness by that sign. Mr. Addison's list has other faults. A recent Episcopal hymnal which contains 150 hymns, 89 of them written by American Unitarians, corrects his statement that the hymn-writers have for the most part spent their strength upon denominational lines.

Mr. Addison's first special chapter is devoted to Timothy Dwight. This, like those that follow, is well written, but not very well. The chapters on Channing and Parker are remarkable for their generous appreciation of men who are not of Mr. Addison's household of faith. Like many others, he uses Channing as a club with which to smite the Abolitionists. He does less than justice to Channing's style, which was at least remarkable for its lucidity. Some praise is also due to the deliverance of the sermon from the bonds of Scriptural exegesis and textual quotation. Channing and Buckminster (who is not mentioned) did much to this effect, and Edward Everett, also unmentioned, was a preacher who carried further their reform. To listen to Buckminster's preaching, said Andrews Norton, "was like walking in the triumphal procession of Truth." The account of Parker is wholly kind and sympathetic, but it is not true that political interests ever absorbed the bulk of his preaching, nor that his early verses were less religious than the later. Parker's "Journal" is a much less continuous "diary" than Mr. Addison conceives it to be. The date of his first preaching in the Music Hall was not March 21, 1852, but November 21. The chapter on Bushnell suffers from the inevitable comparison with the full and rich biography by Dr. Munger which has so recently appeared, but is intrinsically good. So is the chapter on Beecher; and that on Phillips Brooks has, to an exceptional degree, the accent of personal acquaintance and entire admiration. Here, as elsewhere, we would gladly have had a more analytical treatment of the preacher's literary form. Where the relation to life is paramount, some mention of Dr. Bellows would seem to be required. Indeed, the list of social helpers might be indefinitely extended. It is a mistake to compare Brooks with Bushnell as a clergyman "universally known and loved." Bushnell was not universally loved, but very cordially disliked and hated by a good many of the saints.

But none of these deductions is sufficient of itself, or with the others, to prevent Mr. Addison's book from being an interesting and suggestive treatment of a large and fertile theme.

Ueber die Anlage zur Mathematik. Von P. J. Möbius. Mit 51 Bildnissen. Leipzig: J. A. Barth. Pp. vi. + 331.

Fate, the author tells us, is responsible for this book about mathematics written by one who is no mathematician, but a psychiatrist. Its *raison d'être* appears to have been "a casual and rather late" acquaintance with the works of Gall, the phrenologist, for whose rehabilitation as a man of science Dr. Möbius is much concerned. The particular point of departure for the present work is Gall's essay on the "sense for numbers," which the author reproduces (pp. 11-32), while a further tribute to the phrenologist is added in the form of a rather lengthy appendix (pp. 195-331) dealing with his life and works. The rest of the book is devoted to the consideration of "Mathematical Talent," "The Mathematical Organ," "The Skull and Brain of Mathematicians," etc. The fifty-one portraits are those of mathematicians (here, as elsewhere in the book, Dr. Möbius is quite generous in his interpretation of the term, welcoming heartily astronomers, physicists, etc., and not always insisting upon a very high standard of talent) of all ages and countries, from Archimedes (?) down to Felix Klein. It is regrettable that the author's own "number-sense" is so constituted as not to feel the necessity of an index, the absence of which in a volume of this nature is inexcusable.

The "mathematical organ," as Möbius (after Gall) describes it, consists in an "abnormal formation" of the lower edges of the forehead and the adjacent orbital regions, corresponding to a particular development of the anterior end of the third frontal convolution of the brain. This "abnormal formation" may be described as an increased breadth of the lower part of the forehead, greater prominence of the bony portions (with hyperplasia of flesh and skin), and a depression of the outer orbital ridge giving rise to a "droop" of the outer half of the upper eyelid. Such is the "bump" of mathematics. By these signs ought we to know all great mathematicians; sometimes, however, the fleshy "bump" alone, or even large and bushy eyebrows, can point the way, for exercise of the part of the brain just mentioned has, outside, its very material concomitants. The exact place in the brain where the "mathematical sense" resides is "the region in the anterior end of the third frontal convolution, where the latter passes over into the second"—Gall's locality for the sense of numbers. Here, then, lies "the mathematical centre," as the author does not hesitate to call it; here sits the muse who presides over the destinies of the "queen of the sciences." Verily, the age of the man of Spy, or of him of the Neanderthal, must

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have furnished a goodly number of prima-facie mathematicians! Anthropology and neurology will demand far more evidence than Dr. Möbius vouchsafes before they will accredit his thesis. "Marks" of the mathematician there are, perhaps, but they are surely more subtle than anything indicated here.

In women, the "abnormal development" of the fronto-orbital region is noticeably less than in man, and the non-appearance of the "bump" in question gives the author a chance to denominate the mathematical talent an exclusively masculine possession. For him, "a mathematical woman is unnatural"; *mathematical and womanly are* contradictory terms; no mathematical woman was ever anything more than a good scholar. In order to maintain this position, Dr. Möbius has to make the most of some very doubtful pathological phenomena, and to dismiss mathematicians like Sophia Kovalevsky with the sentence (not his own), "All her scientific labors are completions and developments of the theses of the master (in this case, Weierstrass)"; a dictum which, extended to other branches of science, would decimate the ranks of genius. Are none worthy who come after the king? It is easy enough to say that in woman great talent and sound health rarely go together, but how can the pathological be circumscribed so that male genius may escape the taint? That the average male skull is about midway between the skull of woman and the skull of the mathematician, the latter being "an intensification of the specifically male type," may or may not be true, *and may or may not be significant.* At any rate, women have good company in Goethe, whose skull, in so far as the "mathematical organ" is concerned, is "absolutely feminine," and Raphael, who was similarly constituted.

But, in spite of much that is unscientific or crudely naïve in this book, it is one well worth reading, for it contains also a great deal of valuable and interesting information about men of mathematical genius. According to Dr. Möbius, when mathematical ability is inherited (this is the fact with only a minority), it is through the father, "there being no case in which such inheritance was through the mother"—a rather hazardous statement, it seems to us. The daughters of mathematicians do not show any strongly marked predilection for mathematics, while marriages between mathematicians and daughters of mathematicians do not seem to produce any greater proportion of mathematically gifted offspring than do other marriages. That a large number of mathematicians have been born in large families, may be without special significance, while, as the author himself notes, the fact that so many are born among the lower classes of society is but one index of the greater fact that these classes still form the mass of sane and healthy mankind. The vogue of mathematics in Italy in the Middle Ages, in France and Germany in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, is by no means a proof of the existence of "a connection between high culture and mathematical genius." The coincidences of mathematical talent and ability in other branches of human knowledge deserve further investigation. Relatively common seems to be a coincidence of mathematical and philological talent, and musical mathematicians are not at all rare, while mathematicians with a talent for painting or sculpture are less numerous. Theology and jurisprudence seem not to possess the closest of ties with mathematics, while those of philosophy are much nearer. It is putting the case a little too strongly, however, to declare that "between mathematics and poetry there is a gulf fixed." Nor are the mathematical representatives in general literature so few in number as some think.

Mathematicians, as a rule, tend to be long-lived, and many of them have come from long-lived families. They are, likewise, not subject *per se* to mental diseases, although, like most so-called "intellectuals," they manifest "nervousness." Their idiosyncrasies have probably been exaggerated, and are, on the whole, no greater than those of other classes of geniuses in similar environments. They are also, in spite of the popular impression to the contrary, very often of a "fiery" or passionate temperament. Perhaps the most interesting suggestion in the book is the author's contention that "the relative rarity of mathematical talent is a good reason for not insisting upon mathematics as the basis of higher education." *Vidcant consules!*

Memories of the Tennysons. By H. D. Rawnsley. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 12mo, pp. xvi, 252.

Canon Rawnsley met the Laureate for the first time in 1884; but the families had been neighbors when the century was young, and the friendship was handed down from father to son, and, with the Canon and his brother, to grandsons. The Rawnsleys for two generations were born and bred in the region where Tennyson received his first impressions, among the scenes so often celebrated in his poems. The old churches, the lanes and fields, the sands of the Lincolnshire coast, are here brought before us; and aged peasants contribute their recollections of "th' owd doctor" and his children, who "hedn't an ounce of pride—would stop and talk wi' any one on the road." Alfred, it appears, was "a 'dacious one," and "a rough un," "straängen fond o' the jam as well as the peärs," and "a regular boy for the cats." One of these survivals had heard that he "addles his bread by his writings; is worth some hundreds, they do saäy," but was skeptical on further information: "Naäy, naäy, sir, you mun be mistaken; sewerly it's hundreds, not thousands." As the poet and his brothers grew, "sich fine, up-straight men *they all were, and sich heads of hair and sich* a walk!" After the father's death and some experience with an unsatisfactory curate, "he said he would go to church to accommodate his mother, but he could well have liked to get up a meeting hissen, for the church parsons were such hypocrites. . . . He was quite a religious young man, was Mr. Halfred, leastways would have been if he had been dragged up by the Wesleyans." Such was the old sexton's judgment.

Mr. Rawnsley thinks that it was this freedom and familiarity of his youth alone which brought Tennyson into acquaintance with common human nature and made possible certain parts of his work. In maturer life, as we all know, he was shy, secluded, open and easy only with his intimates. Where did he meet his Northern Farmer? Scarcely at first hand, unless with a long interval between the interview and the report. Mr. Rawnsley gave him some of the material, such as the story of the pond that was used for immersion, with sad results to the cows: "I blaäm them howry owd Baptisses for it all, coomin' and pizenin' my pond by leavin' their nasty owd sins behint 'em." Also the churchwarden's comments and advice apropos of his ordination:

"Well, Mr. Rownsley, I can seä by that white thing round your throat that they've gone and maäde a parson on you. Well, well, God Omighty knows theer mun beä parsons as well as farmers, and you'd beä a fool i' the crewyard along o' the beasts, I reckon, and I should mebbe beä as big a fool in the pulpit o' Sunday. . . . Tek my advice; doän't thou saäy nowt to noabody for a year or more, but crip and crawl and git along under the hedge bottoms for a bit, and they'll maäke a bishop on ye yit."

On hearing this, Tennyson said, "Give me that and I will make something of it." And so he did of the other.

According to these chronicles, it was to Mr. Rawnsley that he said, "A man without humor is a fool"; and of Gladstone, "I love him, but I hate his politics"; and of his peerage, "I did not want it. How can I take off a cocked hat and bow three times in the House of Lords? And that is all it amounts to. I don't like this cocked-hat business at all." Just before this he had complained of the tourists, their impudence, and "the horrible way they stare," and told his guest of an incredible American woman who had never seen his portrait. She "walked right up to me on the lawn in front of the house one day and asked if I had seen Mr. Tennyson, and I said, Yes. Where was he? I told her I had seen him, half an hour before, down there, and she scuttled off like a thing possessed. It was true enough, for I had been down there half an hour ago. It's horrible: what have I done that I should be thus tormented?"

To the same friend the poet revealed his over-sensitiveness about the critics. "They allow me nothing. For instance; 'The deep moans round with many voices.' 'The deep,' Byron; 'moans,' Horace; 'many voices,' Homer, and so on." And again:

> "In my youth, the growls;
> In mine age, the owls;
> After death, the ghouls!"

As to personalities and localities, he said that "Lilian" and the other early feminine titles meant nobody in particular, "and that he never described Somersby in any poem but the Ode to Memory and In Memoriam. The Moated Grange was in Lincolnshire, but not at Somersby, nor was The Brook the Somersby beck; 'Flow down, cold Rivulet' was." As to some of his habits: "He did everything in a large way. The tobacco-jar by his fireside quite held a gallon, and at his early breakfast he would take his tea in a bowl, saying, 'A teacup is such a niggardly allowance.'"

There are perils in this sort of writing; but Mr. Rawnsley plays the part of Boswell briefly, and with mitigations which leave no unpleasant impression. Besides the chapters specially cited, he has others of his own on the poet's funeral, on "Virgil and Tennyson," and on Charles Tennyson Turner, with two by his father and brother. His personality is no more obtruded on the reader than it was on the laureate: he is a practised, sensible, and agreeable prose writer, as well as a minor poet.

The sixteen illustrations are mostly unfamiliar, and add to the interest of the book. Among them are a somewhat rude and

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archaic portrait of the poet's mother, and two quaint drawings, one representing "Tennyson sprawled upon the deck of the Bordeaux steamer, in his top-hat and long Inverness cape or coaching-coat, with books strewn at his feet, and talking to the delighted audience of fair girls in magnificent coal-scuttle bonnets." The other depicts Arthur Hallam similarly posed, reading Scott aloud.

Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language, . . . under the Supervision of Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D. To which is now added A Supplement of Twenty-five Thousand Words and Phrases. W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., editor-in-chief. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Co. 1900.

Wide currency has been given to the fact that Dr. Murray has said that perhaps Webster's International Dictionary is the best of one-volume English dictionaries. Surely, no living man's opinion upon such a question can carry so much weight as Dr. Murray's, especially to one who has read the whole lecture in which he said this, and has noted the spirit of giving each work its full due which pervades that most interesting delivery. Considering how long it is since the quarto Worcester was last revised, that the Standard (which, at any rate, contains some peculiar information that will always give it an historical interest) was probably only known to Dr. Murray as published in two volumes, that Stormonth is a comparatively small book, and that all the other one-volume English dictionaries are abridgments, the "perhaps" of Dr. Murray's utterance is the only thing about it that could surprise anybody. The International now appears with a supplement of twenty-five thousand words, an addition of one-seventh part to the bulk of the former vocabulary. These are words which have come into importance during the last ten years. Their multitude measures our progress during that period. A full half of them belong to the physical sciences, and of these nine out of ten to biology, including medicine. There must be five or six thousand botanical terms, alone, in the supplement. About a tenth or twelfth of the additions are words of local use. Probably not five per cent. of them are good literary words. There are near a thousand colloquial and slang expressions. Spanish and French words, terms of art, terms of theology, philosophy, and bibliography make up the chief of the remainder.

We have taken the trouble to test the work by making a number of lists of twenty-five words (each list containing words in a different branch) that have acquired importance during the last ten years. We have then looked these out, both in the body of the work and in the supplement. This examination did not extend to literary English (because we presume that a person who wants information about such words would go to a much larger dictionary), but was chiefly confined to scientific terms. The result was to show us that the biology, and especially the general evolutionary biology, and the botany, had been extraordinarily well done, both in the main body of the work and in the supplement, and most of the other branches were found very well done in the main work, and, for the most part, fairly well kept up in the supplement. Certainly, the more philosophical sciences, mathematics, logic, metaphysics, and psychology, are the least satisfactory. Both the old editor-in-chief and the new one, the Hon. W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., were philosophers mainly occupied with obsolescent systems of thought.

Of course, such a work will inevitably be open to just criticism in thousands of places. Many faults might have been set right at moderate expense, by small alterations in the plates. Why, for example, should a list of chemical elements be put before the reader which not only omits all the new elements, the interest of most of which is uncommonly great—and some of these are not even given in the supplement—but also includes sundry pretended elements that never had very strong claims to the title, and are now known not to be such? Such names ought to be in the vocabulary, but not in a list of elements.

It is popularly supposed, we believe, that the great effort of a dictionary-maker is to get together as many words as possible. That probably was true at an early stage of the art, but to-day his great struggle—especially if it be a one-volume dictionary that he is making—is to keep his work within its prescribed bounds. A dictionary, however, is a work which must continue to be sufficient for many years; and, for that reason, the head of each department should be a man thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the coming developments in that department. If space is to be made, it should be done by striking out matters of detail; but there should be a disposition to welcome all words which signify new ideas that are seriously pressing for recognition in each branch. To that end, the editor-in-chief should be a man of the most modern and progressive spirit, always impressing the specialists with this view of what is wanted. It would be easy to show that this has not, in all cases, been done in the present instance, and that several departments of the dictionary have suffered in consequence of its not having been done. Nevertheless, the whole is a magnificent work of the greatest every-day utility.

The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co. 1900. 12mo, pp. 410.

Not once but many times the troubadour, Bertran de Born, who knew him well, calls Cœur-de-Lion *Oc et No*, "Yea-and-Nay." Here was a title for Mr. Hewlett's book and his clue to the labyrinth of cross-purposes, of doing and undoing, that was Richard. In the wrong Richard did to the woman that loved him lay the forecast of his more notorious tragedy. When he renounced Jehane of the Fair Girdle, he said nay to his heart; when he snatched her back from the altar, he said nay to his head. He was bold enough to marry her despite policy, craven enough to cast her off again for policy. When the zeal of the cross burned within him, he was logical enough to marry Berengère of Navarre, and with her dower buy him a way to the Holy Land; illogical enough, once married, to refuse to be husband to her. In the holy war he won the love of none, the obedience of few, the admiration of all. A nature that flings away what it desires, and grasps again for what it has cast aside—there is something monstrous in this Yea-and-Nay. And it is no small part of Mr. Hewlett's achievement that he has gained for such a hero, with the reader's moral condemnation, his sympathy. A "snatching lion, sudden, arrogant, shockingly swift; a gross deed done in a flash which was its wonderful beauty"—that is Richard in action, and, perhaps, here lies his fascination. In any case, Mr. Hewlett has taken Cœur-de-Lion out of the passing show of romance, and fixed him as a man suffering and causing suffering. Hitherto he might be taken for granted, like Arthur or Robin Hood; henceforth he must be reckoned with like Tristan or Tito Melema.

If Richard trusted neither heart nor head, Jehane; Mr. Hewlett's happiest creation, might have been counted among those

"That weren trewe in lovyng al hir lyves."

From the sullen, beautiful girl of the dark tower who sent Richard back to his duty and his princess, to the mother of his son who sacrificed her body that her lord might live, she is steadfast in loving through yea and through nay. One cannot doubt that she has joined that band of "love's martyrs" which follow Chaucer's Queen Alceste.

It will have already appeared that this book shows much of the "high seriousness" of the great "dramatic" novels, to use Mr. Paul More's suggestive classification. This has not prevented certain qualities of the "epic" novel as well. Behind and about the main characters lies a whole troubled world. The Abbot Milo, through whom Mr. Hewlett chooses to see Richard, is a presentation such as fiction had not yet seen of the ecclesiastical culture of the twelfth century. In him is all its elaborately graceful pedantry, its shrewd worldly wisdom, its capabilities of enthusiasm, with practical disregard of the deeper moral issues. The mediæval combination of refinement in taste with sheer brutality in morals is seen in Richard's rivals and fellow-crusaders. The mere citation of memorable descriptive passages, like the death of Henry II. and the poetical debate or tenzon at Autaforte, would unduly prolong our notice, but this much should be said, that the sound of arms in this book has the epic ring, and is in nowise to be confounded with the mere clatter of present-day romance.

Of the manner of the book much good is to be said, but with certain reservations. It was perilous to crowd a novel of character into a romance, and the book suffers from this very duplication of interest. More than this crowding, one feels at times that Mr. Hewlett is over-mastered by his material. The tragic destiny of Anjou looms large before him, and he writes visibly under its obsession, as a tragedian swept out of his art into real sobbings. The reader would have welcomed more frequent resting-places like the smiling sea-picture which preludes Richard's landing in Palestine. More of this Mr. Hewlett might have conceded without compromising the unity of his book.

Of the striking prose of this novel, highly wrought and distinguished as it is, a word should be said. There are many euphuisms. To the more common euphuism of prettiness Mr. Hewlett has never condescended. But there is a euphuism of power to which the greater spirits are prone. To it Mr. Hewlett has often yielded. As in a great painting of Delacroix, the whole landscape — shrubs, trees, rocks, mountainsides—writhes and swings with the wrestling figures of Jacob and the angel till the mind reels with the sense of action, so in Mr. Hewlett's narrative the minimal

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things have a kind of distracting life of their own. You read: "The devil of Anjou sat eating King Henry's eyes, and you saw him at his meal," but you had just been told: "His features seemed to have been hacked coarsely out of wood and as coarsely painted; but what might have passed by such means for a man was transformed by his burning eyes, with their fuel of pain, into the similitude of a fallen angel." Here was enough of eyes and angels.

It was Mr. Hewlett's prose style that convinced us some ten years ago that the publication of 'Earthwork out of Tuscany' was an event in English literature. That judgment, so far as it went, we have had no occasion to retract. Whether in the more facile success of 'Forest Lovers,' in the trenchant brilliancy of 'Little Novels of Italy,' or in his minor pieces, Mr. Hewlett has never lacked the penetrating word and the enkindling phrase. It is his quality. In 'Richard Yea-and-Nay' it comes near to being his defect. The style is, indeed, simpler than before, but it lacks that unconscious ease which befits a great novel, as this very nearly is. It can be said of few books that they suffer from a surplusage of ideas and images, of few that their success is compromised by sheer virtuosity. If certain defects of this notable book have been considered somewhat at length, it is in the confidence that Mr. Hewlett's 'Richard Yea-and-Nay' is only the earnest of the great romance that no other writer of the day is so likely to give us.

Old English Glosses. Edited by Arthur S. Napier, M.A., Ph.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1900.

This volume, from the Merton Professor of English Language and Literature at Oxford, forms the most recent addition (part xi.) to the mediæval and modern series of the *Anecdota Oxoniensia*, as the miscellanies, taken chiefly from texts, documents, and extracts in the Oxford libraries and published from time to time by the University, are called. The volume is a large quarto of some three hundred pages of text, notes, and indexes (both Latin and English), and forty pages of introductory matter. It is clearly, accurately, and attractively printed in a way that does credit to the mechanical resources of the Clarendon Press.

The practice of writing-in English words over the Latin of classic texts, which most of us have fallen into in our school days, is by no means a modern one. The English monk of the eleventh century did precisely the same thing. After working out the meaning of a difficult context, he would set up for the guidance of the next reader a translation of the most difficult words written in over the text. This was done by glossing the word or passage sometimes in simpler Latin, sometimes in English, sometimes in both; often, too, there would be supplied to the text an *ordo*, setting its idiomatically placed Latin words in the order of the vernacular. At a time when Latin vocabularies were clumsy and Latin grammars were comparatively inaccessible, such practices as these were necessary.

It was a service of this sort that Bishop Asser rendered King Alfred when "he explained" ("enodavit" is Malmesbury's graphic term for it) "the meaning of Boethius *de Consolatione* in simpler words, and the King turned these into English." The Latin works of Aldhelm, as Professor Napier points out, are especially full of these "enodations," and have always furnished rich material for the Old English lexicographer. They stood badly in need of editing, for many of their words have been taken into our Old English dictionaries without a careful study of what they stood for. To collect and edit carefully these and such other glosses as were accessible, is a task which Professor Napier set himself a number of years ago and has now successfully achieved.

The book itself, which its editor modestly describes as "a small instalment towards the future Corpus of Old English Glosses," is really much more than this. In the first place, it is an example of accurate and condensed scholarship, which the young English student will do well to take for his model. The introductions are brief, accurate, essential, and clearly written, with not a sentence of padding, not a paragraph of literary writing in the whole. The text is presented in all the accuracy and purity of its original form, without alteration, without botching. The notes contain an amount of apposite explanatory information such as is rarely packed away in so brief a compass. Everywhere in the book is the brevity, accuracy, consistency of positive scientific method. Such work is of permanent value, and, once done, needs not to be done over again.

Then, again, the book marks a distinct advance in English lexicography. It lays once and for all many of the ghost-words which have haunted Old English dictionaries since the days of Sumner and Lye. Pedigrees of a few of these creatures of editorial misreadings and scribal misunderstandings Professor Napier gives in his editorial preface; others are run down in the subsequent notes. And all this valuable and final criticism is clearly and simply put, without any of the *eureka* spirit which sometimes mars such work. The book shows also many interesting new forms of Old English words, enlarging thus our knowledge of Old English grammar as well as that of Old English vocabulary.

At present such work as this of Professor Napier's seems in its interest rather remote. Few save specialists in the subject care to follow its progress. But surely the time will come when we shall seek out the origins of this marvellous speech of ours, and study Old English with something like an intelligent sympathy. We shall then be struck with the poetic character of Old English thinking, such as is shown in these glossaries and is impressed indelibly upon Old English literature, both poetry and prose. Our English ancestors were the most literary of all the Western barbarians, and even the scanty remains of their literature which have come down to us show clearly the poetic quality of their speech. Their words speak always of human experience, something seen, or heard, or touched. Even when they are called upon to name an abstract idea, they name it with a peculiar vividness and directness which is the very essence of literature. Their narrative poetry is a series of pictures rapidly suggested to the mind by picturesque associations. Where their poetry touches on the emotions, it is the poignant experience of an individual which is represented. In their speech and in their literature lies the germ of that English poetic expression which reaches its full flower in Shakspere.

It is a mistake to think of such work as this which lies before us as having for its concern only "philology," and as being inspired merely by a scientific curiosity to know the meanings and forms of words. Words are nothing apart from literature. They do not exist because they are so many curious combination of various humanly formed speech-sounds, but because they are part of the mind's life. They develop and grow with the growth and development of human experience, and the study of them apart from human experience is lifeless and fruitless. The scientific scholarship which Professor Napier has been developing at Oxford is by no means what is commonly thought of and spoken of as the "philological" study of English. It has nothing to do with so-called "roots" and "stems," "affixes" and "suffixes"; but its goal is the accurate knowledge of the organic life and development of an idiom which is alive to-day in the mind of every one who thinks in English, and the scientific understanding of the organic life and development of a literature that is as rich in human interest as any the world has yet produced. Such scholarship can afford to be patient, for science as well as art is long.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography. Vol. VII. D. Appleton & Co.
Arnold, E. V. The Rigveda. [No. 9 of Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance, and Folklore.] London: David Nutt. 6d.
Arte, Scienza e Fede ai gorni di Dante. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli. I. 6.50.
Barton, W. E. A Hero in Homespun. D. Appleton & Co. $1.
Blaisdell, Etta A., and Mary F. The Child Life Primer. Macmillan. 25 cents.
Blomfield, Reginald. A Short History of Renaissance Architecture in England. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Blount, Bertram. Practical Electro-Chemistry. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $3.25.
Burton, Richard. Ballad of the Unsuccessful. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Cassell's National Library: (1) Herodotus, Egypt and Scythia; (2) Park, Mungo, Travels in the Interior of Africa, Vol 2. 10 cents each.
Classics for the Nursery. The Neely Co.
Dellenbaugh, F. S. The North Americans of Yesterday. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Fithian, Philip Vickers. Journal and Letters, 1767-1774. Princeton, N. J.: The University Library, $3.
Gierke, Otto. Political Theories of the Middle Age. Henry Frowde.
Giles, H. A. A History of Chinese Literature. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Gordon, Julien. Mrs. Clyde. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Gugler, Julius. Der Stern des Westens. Milwaukee: Published by the Author.
Hayes, F. W. Gwynett of Thornhaugh. F. M. Lupton Pub. Co. $1.25.
Henshall, J. A. Ye Gods and Little Fishes. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co. $2.
Josèphe, Flavius. Oeuvres Complètes traduites par Julien Weill. Paris: *Ernest Leroux.*
Lassar-Cohn, Dr. An Introduction to Modern Scientific Chemistry. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.
Latimer, Elizabeth W. The Last Years of the Nineteenth Century. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50.
Leopardi's Poems, translated by J. M. Morrison. London: Gay & Bird.
Merriam, E. F. A History of American Baptist Missions. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1.25.
Mezes, S. E. Ethics. Descriptive and Explanatory. Macmillan. $2.60.
Oliphant, Mrs. M. O. W. The Story of Valentine and his Brother. (Paraphrased by Susannah Bay.) W. R. Jenkins.
Pickard, Samuel T. Whittier as a Politician. Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed.
Riley, F. L. School History of Mississippi. Richmond: B. F. Johnson Publishing Co.
Riley, Franklin L. School History of Mississippi. Richmond, Va.: B. F. Johnson Publishing Company.
Robinson, A. G. The Philippines: The War and the People. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Sommerville, Maxwell. Sands of Sahara. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
Sparks, E. E. The Expansion of the American People. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co. $2.
Thaw, A. B. Poems. John Lane.
Tolman, H. C. The Art of Translating. Boston: Benj. H. Sanborn & Co. 70 cents.
White, T. R. Business Law. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.
Wilson, J. P. The Romance of L'Aiglon. Brentano. 50 cents.
Wynne, C. W. Ad Astra. John Lane.

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